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(JAMES HOLMES, TONK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS.

A Tour on the Prairies. By the Author of 'The Sketch Book.' London: Murray.

Few of the readers of the *Athenæum*, we imagine, will have forgotten the delightful letter which we were enabled to give in a former number [No. 279], written immediately upon Mr. Irving's return from the ramble which forms the subject of the volume before us. His adventures, there merely alluded to, are here expanded into pages; his figures, there indicated by so many spots of ink, are here wrought out into brilliant and animated portraits: but, in truth, the book is even more fascinating and interesting than we expected from the letter; and we notice it with sincere pleasure, not only for its own intrinsic merits, but as the first of a series of miscellanies with which its writer, at once honest-hearted and refined, is about to gladden the public.

Mr. Irving has always been among the most fortunate of authors. We do not mean to insinuate that his reception has exceeded his deserts; but that he is one of the few who has reaped fame of the order, and in the proportion, to which he is justly entitled. And it may be worth the while both of authors and critics, to glance at the reason of this—to advert to the fact, that it is to skill in the choice of his subjects, and the purity and finish of his style, that his success is attributable, rather than to exhibitions of startling originality or power, such as are discernible in the works of not a few amongst us, who, for want of his fine taste and kindness of temperament, can never hope to enjoy an equal popularity.

For ourselves, we have always liked Mr. Irving best when on American ground, because, while we have, to the full, enjoyed the sweetness and elegance of his English sketches, and been stirred as with a trumpet note, by his legends of the glories of Moorish Spain, still they have seemed but as new variations on old themes, and have forced comparisons with the writings of others upon the same subjects; whereas, in his quaint pictures of the homely, comfortable Dutch settlers, and his tales of their superstitions, at once fantastic and humorous, and in the glimpses he has afforded us of the splendid scenery of his native country, we find a life, a raciness, and a truth, which are entirely his own. With this especial preference for Mr. Irving, (as an author,) "over the water," we were well pleased to set out with him on his ramble through those strange remote districts, concerning which our interest had been excited by Mr. Cooper's admirable novel. And we have accompanied him through the 'Prairies' with such delight and absence of all weariness, that the only review of the chronicle of his wanderings which we could give, to our entire satisfaction, would be—to quote the whole!

After this preamble, the sketches may be introduced without more words of ours. Mr.

Irving set off from Fort Gibson, in October 1832, in company with one of the government commissioners for the settlement of the Indian tribes, and early in the volume we find that he joined a party of rangers bound for "the far west." The preliminary sketches he gives us of his fellow-travellers—of the Swiss Count—and the rangers—and little Antoine, or Tonish, the gasconading, audacious, restless French creole, who seems to have been cook, boaster, and blunderer for the expedition, are capital. Before, however, the party had fairly set forth on their expedition to the prairies, we are stopped by a scene at the Osage Agency, where they met with a group of Indians, and an attendant Pierre Beatte—a half-breed, who is a prominent character in the pages which follow. We must make room for a fragment of the scene.

"The little hamlet of the agency was in a complete bustle; the blacksmith's shed, in particular, was a scene of preparation. A strapping negro was shoeing a horse; two half-breeds were fabricating iron spoons in which to melt lead for bullets. An old trapper, in leathern hunting-frock and mocassins, had placed his rifle against a work-bench, while he superintended the operation, and gossiped about his hunting exploits; several large dogs were lounging in and out of the shop or sleeping in the sunshine, while a little cur, with head cocked on one side, and one ear erect, was watching, with that curiosity common to little dogs, the progress of shoeing the horse, as if studying the art, or waiting for his turn to be shod."

And here is a sketch of Beatte:—

"I confess I did not like his looks when he was first pointed out to me. He was lounging about in an old hunting-frock and metuses, or leggings, of deerskin soiled and greased, and almost jannaped by constant use. He was apparently about thirty-six years of age, square and strongly built. His features were not bad, being shaped not unlike those of Napoleon, but sharpened up, with high Indian cheek-bones. Perhaps the dusky greenish hue of his complexion added to his resemblance to an old bronze bust I had seen of the Emperor. He had, however, a sallow, saturnine expression, set off by a slouched woollen hat, and elf-locks that hung about his ears."

They had scarcely passed the frontier, when they encountered another character.

"On the verge of the wilderness we paused to inquire our way at a log-house, owned by a white settler or squatter,—a tall, rawboned old fellow, with red hair, a lank lantern visage, and an inveterate habit of winking with one eye, as if everything he said was of knowing import. He was in a towering passion. One of his horses was missing: he swore it had been stolen in the night by a straggling party of Osages, encamped in a neighbouring swamp. But he would have satisfaction! he would make an example of the villains! He had, accordingly caught down the rifle from the wall, that invariable enforcer of right or wrong upon the frontiers, and, having saddled his steed, was about to sally on a foray into the swamp, while a brother squatter, with rifle in hand, stood ready to accompany him."

They travelled a few miles in company

with this original, and, on rejoining him, the sequel of the adventure occurred.

"While we were holding a parley with him on the slope of the hill, we descried an Osage on horseback, issuing out of a skirt of wood about half a mile off, and leading a horse by a halter. The latter was immediately recognised by our hard-winking friend as the steed of which he was in quest. As the Osage drew near, I was struck with his appearance. He was about nineteen or twenty years of age, but well grown, with the fine Roman countenance common to his tribe; and as he rode, with his blanket wrapped round his loins, his naked bust would have furnished a model for a statuery. He was mounted on a beautiful piebald horse, a mottled white and brown, of the wild breed of the prairies, decorated with a broad collar, from which hung in front a tuft of horsehair dyed of a bright scarlet.

"The youth rode slowly up to us with a frank open air, and signified, by means of our interpreter, Beatte, that the horse he was leading had wandered to their camp, and he was now on his way to conduct him back to his owner. I had expected to witness an expression of gratitude on the part of our hard-favoured cavalier, but, to my surprise, the old fellow broke out into a furious passion. He declared that the Indians had carried off his horse in the night, with the intention of bringing him home in the morning, and claiming a reward for finding him; a common practice, as he affirmed, among the Indians. He was, therefore, for tying the young Indian to a tree and giving him a sound lashing; and was quite surprised at the burst of indignation which this novel mode of requiring a service drew from us. Such, however, is too often the administration of law on the frontier; 'Lynch's Law,' as it is technically termed; in which the plaintiff is apt to be witness, jury, judge, and executioner; and the defendant to be convicted and punished on mere presumption; and in this way, I am convinced, are occasioned many of those heart-burnings and resentments among the Indians which lead to retaliation, and eventuate in Indian wars."

The young Count, it appears, longed for some more exciting adventures than those likely to be shared by so large a party as were travelling in company; he accordingly engaged a young Osage as his conductor, and separated from his comrades, in search of adventures. A sketch of knight and squire cannot be passed.

"I often pleased myself, in the course of our march, with noticing the appearance of the young Count and his newly enlisted follower, as they rode before me. Never was *preux chevalier* better suited with an esquire. The Count was well mounted, and, as I have before observed, was a bold and graceful rider. He was fond, too, of carolling his horse, and dashing about in the buoyancy of youthful spirits. His dress was a gay and well-cut hunting-frock of dressed deerskin, sitting well to the shape, dyed of a beautiful purple, and fancifully embroidered with silks of various colours; as if it had been the work of some Indian beauty to decorate a favourite chief. With this, he wore leathern pantaloons and mocassins, a foraging-cap, and a double-barrelled gun, slung by a bandolier athwart his back; so that he was quite a pic-

turesque figure, as he managed gracefully his spirited steed.

"The young Osage would ride close behind him, on his wild and beautifully mottled horse, which was decorated with crimson tufts of hair. He rode with his finely shaped head and breast naked, his blanket being girt round his waist. He carried his rifle in one hand, and managed his horse with the other, and seemed ready to dash off, at a moment's warning, with his youthful leader, on any madcap forage or scamper. The Count, with the sanguine anticipations of youth, promised himself many hardy adventures and exploits, in company with his youthful 'brave,' when we should get among the buffaloes, in the Pawnee hunting-grounds."

It may be told, however, that the Count found his solitary plan so crossed by inglorious and harassing obstacles, that, after a day's absence from the camp, he returned to it again, cured of his fancy for lonely enterprise in so entangled a country.

A few pages further on, Mr. Irving gives us a few words upon the Indian character.

"The Indians," he says, "that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented—taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn, they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossip. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites, with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye, occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when anything particularly strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth."

"As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction is like the shepherd of pastoral romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes."

One of the first expeditions made, in company with the rangers, was "a bee-hunt."

"We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall lank fellow, in homespun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee-hive; a comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian."

"After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. 'This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise up in the air, and dart off in one straight line almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen rees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In

this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground."

"Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or agitating this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disruption of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain: at length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the common-wealth."

"One of the hunters immediately ran up with a whip of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge: they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe, and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins, without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown colour; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy."

But they presently found game more substantial than honey; and the following fragments of a supper scene, require no further explanation.

"The surrounding country, in fact, abounded with game, so that the camp was overstocked with provisions; and, as no less than twenty bee-trees had been cut down in the vicinity, every one revelled in luxury. With the wasteful prodigality of hunters, there was a continual feasting; and scarce any one put by provisions for the morrow. The cooking was conducted in hunters' style. The meat was stuck upon tapering spits of dog-wood, the ends of which were thrust into the ground so as to sustain the joint before the fire, where it was roasted or broiled with all its juices retained in it, in a manner that would have tickled the palate of the most experienced gourmand. As much could not be said in favour of the bread. It was little more than a paste made of flour and water, and fried, like fritters, in lard; though some adopted a ruder style, twisting it round the ends of sticks, and thus roasting it before the fire. In either way I have found it extremely palatable on the prairies. No one knows the true relish of food until he has a hunter's appetite."

"As the twilight thickened into night, the sentinels were marched forth to their stations around the camp, an indispensable precaution in a country infested by Indians. The encampment now presented a picturesque appearance. Camp fires were blazing and smouldering here and there among the trees, with groups of rangers around them: some seated or lying on the ground, others standing in the ruddy glare of the flames, or in shadowy relief."

"While this boisterous merriment prevailed

at one of the fires, there suddenly arose a strain of nasal melody from another, at which a choir of 'vocalists' were uniting their voices in a most lugubrious psalm tune. This was led by one of the lieutenants; a tall, spare man, who, we were informed, had officiated as school-master, singing master, and, occasionally, as methodist preacher, in one of the villages of the frontier. The chant rose solemnly and sadly in the night air, and reminded me of the description of similar canticles in the camps of the covenanted; and, indeed, the strange medley of figures and faces, and uncouth garbs, congregated together in our troop, would not have disgraced the banners of Praise-God-Barebones. In one of the intervals of this nasal psalmody, an amateur owl, as if in competition, began his dreary hooting. Immediately there was a cry throughout the camp of 'Charley's Owl! Charley's Owl!' It seems this 'obscure bird' had visited the camp every night, and had been fired at by one of the sentinels, a half-witted lad, named Charley, who, on being called up for firing when on duty, excused himself by saying, that he understood that owls made uncommonly good soup. One of the rangers mimicked the cry of this bird of wisdom, who, with a simplicity little consonant with his character, came hovering within sight, and alighted on the naked branch of a tree lit up by the blaze of our fire. The young Count immediately seized his fowling piece, took fatal aim, and in a twinkling this poor bird of ill-omen came fluttering to the ground. Charley was now called upon to make and eat his dish of owl soup, but declined, as he had not shot the bird."

Passing through this book as we must do, —that is, leaving something in almost every page which we desire to quote, our next halt must be at the Arkansas river. Here, the attendants of Mr. Irving's own particular party, Beattie and Tonish, distinguished themselves by their contrivance: they had till this time been scouted by most of their companions, the rangers, and, in particular, had given much occasion for ridicule, by killing a pole-cat, in place of nobler game, and, what was worse, insisting upon cooking it. But, to come to the bank of the river—

"It was now that our worthies, Beattie and Tonish, had an opportunity of displaying their Indian adroitness and resource. At the Osage village which we had passed a day or two before, they had procured a dried buffalo skin. This was now produced; cords were passed through a number of small eyelet holes with which it was bordered, and it was drawn up until it formed a kind of deep trough. Sticks were then placed athwart it on the inside, to keep it in shape; our camp equipage and a part of our baggage were placed within, and the singular bark was carried down the bank and set afloat. A cord was attached to the prow, which Beattie took between his teeth, and, throwing himself into the water, went ahead, towing the bark after him, while Tonish followed behind, to keep it steady and to propel it. Part of the way they had foot-hold, and were enabled to wade, but in the main current they were obliged to swim. The whole way they whooped and yelled in the Indian style, until they landed safely on the opposite shore."

"The Commissioner and myself were so well pleased with this Indian mode of ferrage, that we determined to trust ourselves in the buffalo hide. Our companions, the Count and Mr. L—, had proceeded with the horses along the river bank, in search of a ford, which some of the rangers had discovered about a mile and a half distant. While we were waiting for the return of our ferryman, I happened to cast my eyes upon a heap of luggage under a bush, and described the sleek carcass of the pole-cat snugly

trussed up, and ready for roasting before the evening fire. I could not resist the temptation to plump it into the river, where it sank to the bottom like a lump of lead; and thus our lodge was relieved from the bad odour which this savoury viand had threatened to bring upon it.

"Our men having recrossed with their cockle-shell bark, it was drawn on shore, half filled with saddles, saddle-bags, and other luggage, amounting to at least a hundred weight, and being again placed in the water, I was invited to take my seat. It appeared to me pretty much like the embarkation of the wise men of Jotham, who went to sea in a bowl: I stepped in, however, without hesitation, though as cautiously as possible, and sat down on the top of the luggage, the margin of the hide sinking to within a hand's breadth of the water's edge. Rifles, fowling-pieces, and other articles of small bulk were then handed in, until I protested against receiving any more freight. We then launched forth upon the stream, the bark being towed and propelled as before.

"It was with a sensation, half serious, half comic, that I found myself thus afloat, on the skin of a buffalo, in the midst of a wild river, surrounded by wilderness, and towed along by a half savage, whooping and yelling like a devil incarnate. To please the vanity of little Tonish, I discharged the double-barrelled gun to the right and left, when in the centre of the stream. The report echoed along the woody shores, and was answered by shouts from some of the rangers, to the great exultation of the little Frenchman, who took to himself the whole glory of this Indian mode of navigation."

But this pleasant, free life, in the open air, has its shadows as well as its lights; such small troubles sometimes occur as hurricanes, prairies on fire, scarcity of game, the loss of horses, the incursion of wild beasts, or the attack of Indians. No one, to whom Cooper's novels are familiar, can have forgotten how impressively he has turned to account the perils of the wilderness in some of his escape scenes. The following tale, told over a camp-fire at night, will keep its place beside any of his pictures.

"It's a dismal thing to get lost at night in a strange and wild country," said one of the younger rangers.

"Not if you have one or two in company," said an older one. "For my part, I could feel as cheerful in this hollow as in my own home, if I had but one comrade to take turns to watch and keep the fire going. I could lie here for hours and gaze up to that blazing star there, that seems to look down into the camp as if it were keeping guard over it."

"Ay, the stars are a kind of company to one, when you have to keep watch alone. That's a cheerful star too, somehow; that's the evening star, the planet Venus, they call it, I think."

"If that's the planet Venus," said one of the council, who I believe was the psalm-singing schoolmaster, "it bodes us no good; for I recollect reading in some book that the Pawnees worship that star, and sacrifice their prisoners to it. So I should not feel the better for the sight of that star in this part of the country."

"Well," said the sergeant, a thorough-bred woodman, "star or no star, I have passed many a night alone in a wilder place than this, and slept sound too, I'll warrant you. Once, however, I had rather an uneasy time of it. I was belated in passing through a tract of wood near the Tombigbe river: so I struck a light, made a fire, and turned my horse loose, while I stretched myself to sleep. By and bye I heard the wolves howl. My horse came crowding near me for protection, for he was terribly frightened. I drove him off, but he returned, and drew nearer and nearer, and stood looking

at me and at the fire, and dozing, and nodding, and tottering on his fore feet, for he was powerfully tired. After a while I heard a strange dismal cry. I thought at first it might be an owl. I heard it again; and then I knew it was not an owl, but must be a panther.

"I felt rather awkward, for I had no weapon but a double-bladed penknife. I, however, prepared for defence in the best way I could, and piled up small brands from the fire to pepper him with, should he come nigh. The company of my horse now seemed a comfort to me; the poor creature laid down beside me and soon fell asleep, being so tired. I kept watch, and nodded, and dozed, and started awake, and looked round, expecting to see the flaring eyes of the panther close upon me; but somehow or other, fatigue got the better of me, and I fell asleep outright. In the morning I found the tracks of a panther within sixty paces: they were as large as my two fists. He had evidently been walking backwards and forwards, trying to make up his mind to attack me, but luckily he had not courage."

In contrast to this, we must give a morning scene,—the breaking up the encampment for the day.

"I sat on a rock that overhung the spring at the upper part of the dell, and amused myself by watching the changing scene before me. First, the preparations for departure:—horses driven in from the purlieus of the camp; rangers riding about rocks and bushes in quest of others that had strayed to a distance; the bustle of packing up camp equipage, and the clamour after kettles and frying-pans, borrowed by one mess from another, mixed up with oaths and exclamations at restive horses or others that had wandered away to graze after being backed, among which the voice of our little Frenchman Tonish was particularly to be distinguished.

"The bugle sounded the signal to mount and march. The troop filed off in irregular line down the glen, and through the open forest, winding and gradually disappearing among the trees, though the clamour of voices, and the notes of the bugle, could be heard for some time afterwards. The rear-guard remained under the trees in the lower part of the dell, some on horseback, with their rifles on their shoulders; others seated by the fire or lying on the ground, gossiping in a low, lazy tone of voice, their horses, unsaddled, standing and dozing around; while one of the rangers, profiting by this interval of leisure, was shaving himself before a pocket mirror stuck against the trunk of a tree.

"The clamour of voices and the notes of the bugle at length died away, and the glen relapsed into quiet and silence, broken occasionally by the low murmuring tones of the group around the fire, the pensive whistle of some laggard among the trees, or the rustling of the yellow leaves which the lightest breath of air brought down in wavering showers, a sign of the departing glories of the year."

There is a delightful tone of heart-soundness and enjoyment in this picture. "Indeed," as our author says, a few pages further on—

"I can scarcely conceive a kind of life more calculated to put both mind and body in a healthy tone. A morning's ride of several hours, diversified by hunting incidents; an encampment in the afternoon under some noble grove on the borders of a stream; an evening banquet of venison fresh killed, roasted, or broiled on the coals; turkeys just from the thickets, and wild honey from the trees; and all relished with an appetite unknown to the gourmands of the cities. And then at night—such sweet sleeping in the open air; or waking and gazing at the moon and stars, shining between the branches of the trees!"

We are totally perplexed by the passages which call for extract as we proceed; and can only notice, with a passing word, Beattie's success as a hunter, and his gradual advance in the good graces of all the party; and make a like casual mention of some sketches of Delaware character and superstitions, and of Pawnee warfare, which occur in the course of the few following pages; for we must find room for a part of "the search for the Elk."

"When breakfast was over, the Captain mounted his horse to go in quest of the elk which he had wounded on the preceding evening, and which, he was persuaded, had received its death-wound. I determined to join him in the search; and we accordingly sallied forth together, accompanied also by his brother the sergeant, and a lieutenant. Two rangers followed on foot, to bring home the carcass of the doe which the sergeant had killed. We had not ridden far, when we came to where it lay, on the side of a hill, in the midst of a beautiful woodland scene. The two rangers immediately fell to work, with true hunters' skill, to dismember it, and prepare it for transportation to the camp, while we continued on our course. We passed along sloping hill sides, among skirts of thicket and scattered forest trees, until we came to a place where the long herbage was pressed down with numerous elk beds. Here the Captain had first roused the gang of elks; and, after looking about diligently for a little while, he pointed out their 'trail,' the foot-prints of which were as large as those of horned cattle. He now put himself upon the track, and went quietly forward, the rest of us following him in Indian file. At length he halted at the place where the elk had been when shot at: spots of blood on the surrounding herbage showed that the shot had been effective. The wounded animal had evidently kept for some distance with the rest of the herd, as could be seen by sprinklings of blood here and there on the shrubs and weeds bordering the trail. These at length suddenly disappeared. 'Somewhere hereabout,' said the Captain, 'the elk must have turned off from the gang. Whenever they feel themselves mortally wounded, they will turn aside, and seek some out-of-the-way place to die alone.' . . .

"The elk must be somewhere in that neighbourhood," said the Captain, "as you may know by those turkey buzzards wheeling about in the air; for they always hover in that way above some carcass. However, the dead elk cannot get away, so let us follow the trail of the living ones; they may have halted at no great distance, and we may find them grazing, and get another crack at them."

"We accordingly returned, and resumed the trail of the elks, which led us a straggling course over hill and dale, covered with scattered oaks. Every now and then we would catch a glimpse of a deer bounding away across some glade of the forest; but the Captain was not to be diverted from his elk hunt by such inferior game. A large flock of wild turkeys, too, were roused by the tramping of our horses; some scampered off as fast as their long legs could carry them; others fluttered up into the trees, where they remained, with outstretched necks, gazing at us. The Captain would not allow a rifle to be discharged at them, lest it should alarm the elk, which he hoped to find in the vicinity. At length we came to where the forest ended in a steep bank, and the Red Fork wound its way below us, between broad sandy shores. The trail descended the bank, and we could trace it, with our eyes, across the level sands until it terminated in the river, which it was evident the gang had forded on the preceding evening.

"It is needless to follow on any further,"

said the Captain. "The elk must have been much frightened; and, after crossing the river, may have kept on for twenty miles without stopping."

"Our little party now divided: the lieutenant and sergeant making a circuit in quest of game, and the Captain and myself taking the direction of the camp. On our way we came to a buffalo track more than a year old. It was not wider than an ordinary footpath, and worn deep into the soil, for these animals follow each other in single file. Shortly afterwards we met two rangers on foot, hunting. They had wounded an elk, but he had escaped; and in pursuing him they had found the one shot by the Captain on the preceding evening. They turned back and conducted us to it. It was a noble animal, as large as a yearling heifer, and lay in an open part of the forest, about a mile and half distant from the place where it had been shot. The turkey buzzards which we had previously noticed were wheeling in the air above it. The observation of the Captain seemed verified. The poor animal, as life was ebbing away, had apparently abandoned its unhurt companions, and turned aside to die alone."

And here it is necessary to pause—we warn our readers, however, that we have not gone half way through this delightful book.

The Life of Dr. Thomas Linacre, Physician to King Henry, VIII., &c. By J. N. Johnson, M.D. Edited by R. Graves. London: Lumley.

It has been too long the custom to describe the middle ages as a blank in the history of literature, to assume that intellect was paralyzed for ten entire centuries, and to stigmatize this period as one of monkish ignorance and feudal barbarism. The revival of science in the sixteenth century has been regarded as a literal bursting of the barriers of the tomb—an absolute resurrection from death. Such is not the progress of human affairs: in the intellectual as in the physical world, nature follows a regular and progressive course. The cause of the common error is, that our writers do not look upon the middle ages as affording two distinct objects of contemplation, the gradual decay of one system, and the slow growth of another. In the fourth century Roman literature fell in the ruin of the empire and of paganism; and a literature began to show indistinct lineaments, which but slowly assumed a definite shape, but it was the literature of a new social system and of a new creed. The growth of one, and the decadence of the other, had, however, many points in common; so have the helplessness of infancy and the helplessness of old age; the idle theories of the last pagan philosophers, and the equally idle legends of the early fathers, have been quoted together as a proof of the darkness which then overshadowed the human mind; but they have no connexion;—philosophy from the fourth to the sixth century displayed the folly of age—theology the folly of childhood. The new literature grew slowly, for it was placed under the guardianship of its rival.

Romantic fiction and scholastic philosophy became the most marked characteristics of intellectual progress after the age of Charlemagne; the lively effusions of the Troubadours remind us of young imagination trying its strength of wing; the scholastic disputes are the first skirmishes in the great struggle of freedom against power, of the spirit of

inquiry against ecclesiastical domination. Rome gained a temporary victory when St. Bernard triumphed over Abelard, but the standard of philosophic independence was raised, and though it often bowed in the contest, its flag was never struck, until it eventually waved in triumph over bigotry and despotism. History has been called "the biography of nations,"—with at least equal propriety it may be termed "the biography of social and intellectual systems;" we love to trace the greatness of Rome from the first collection of huts on the Palatine hill, to the day when all owned the sway of the imperial city, from the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Atlantic; not less interesting is it to follow the growth of modern civilization in its successive stages of childhood, youth, and manhood, to discover the elements of strength in its weakness, of wisdom in its folly, of unity in its apparent confusion. Such, we think, will be the result of a careful investigation of the literature of the middle ages. Let us take, as an example, a portion of the catechism compiled by our countryman Alcuin for the use of Pepin, the second son of Charlemagne, in the form of a dialogue between himself and his pupil.

P. What is writing?—A. The guardian of history.

P. What is language?—A. The interpreter of the soul.

P. What is life?—A. Enjoyment to the happy, misery to the wretched, expectation of death.

P. What is man?—A. The slave of death, a hurried traveller, a guest in an inn.

P. What is the earth?—A. The mother of all that grows, the nurse of all that exists, the gulph that will swallow all living.

P. What is the sea?—A. The road of the brave, the boundary of nations, the receptacle of rivers, the source of rain.

P. What is Hope?—A. A waking dream.

P. What are leguminous plants?—A. The friends of physicians, the glory of cooks.

P. What is faith?—A. The certainty of unknown and marvellous things.

We need not quote farther from this whimsical composition, in which physics, morality, anatomy, and natural history are grouped together with all the disorder of childhood; where a moral sentence is given as a scientific definition, and an ingenious turn of thought, as a serious explanation. Still we think that in it may be perceived great ingenuity of thought and precision of style; the answers seem generally calculated to give the pupil materials for the exercise of his faculties, rather than knowledge with which he should rest contented. It is a work of "progress,"—such also was the character of the age in which it was produced. It is not necessary to our present purpose to investigate the gradual growth of literature; we must pass over the effects produced by the example of the Saracens, and the debt of gratitude due to the Khaliphs for reviving ancient and founding modern science, a debt which Christendom is equally unwilling to acknowledge or repay. We must hasten to the revival of Greek literature, consequent on the fall of Constantinople, which forms the principal subject of the volume before us.

Whether Linacre was the very first, or only among the first, to introduce Greek literature into England, is a point not worth contesting; in either case he has claims on our gratitude, which warrant us in wishing him a better biographer. The incidents in

the life of a student are indeed very few, and can scarcely be very striking; but of these incidents Linacre's biographer has not sufficiently availed himself, but has wasted his own time and that of his readers in trifling discussions on minute points of chronology. A still greater fault is the use of vague generalities: it would have been easy to have selected such facts from our old writers, as would have illustrated the state of education in England at the accession of Henry VII.; and one such fact would have better enabled us to appreciate Linacre's improvements, than a volume of mere dissertation; but let us e'en "take the good the gods provide us," and derive from these pages all the advantages they can afford.

Linacre's own story is easily told: he was born at Canterbury, educated in a monastery, sent to Oxford; he visited Italy, returned, was highly esteemed by the circle of scholars which then rendered England celebrated, practised medicine, read lectures at Oxford, translated some Greek works into Latin, founded the College of Physicians, which succeeded, and some Greek lectureships which failed; lived beloved, and died lamented. Some specimens of his Latin composition are given, which are remarkable for pure style, but bear no traces of original thought. There is, consequently, little to interest us in the man himself, except so far as he was connected with the progress of classical literature in England, and to that point our attention must be confined.

The first great school established in England after the Norman conquest, was founded at Croyland, at the close of the eleventh century. The following was the course of education:—

"Early in the morning the young pupils heard the lectures of Brother Odo in grammar. At noon Terrius, a sophist, explained to those of advanced years the logic of Aristotle, with the introductions and comments of Porphyrius and Averroës. Brother William was occupied in the afternoon by an exposition of the rhetoric of Cicero and Quintilian. On Sundays and holidays Gislebert preached in the neighbouring churches, and chiefly directed his arguments against the errors and infidelity of the Jews."

In this course the formal sciences alone are included, and its effect must have been to discourage all original investigation. The disputes between the Thomists and Scotists, in which an Englishman, Oecham, took a distinguished part, tended to enfranchise the mind; and the numerous discussions which took place, though on trifles that would now excite a smile, often elicited important truths in the collision of opinion. But the zeal of the clergy against the heresies of Wickliffe, the hatred of innovation displayed by the monks who ruled the universities, and the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, nipped the germs of improvement; and the Franciscans at Oxford sold for mere trifles the precious manuscripts bestowed upon their institution by the munificence of a better age.

"Leland, whose bias led him to a personal examination of the antiquities of his country, has left a singular memorial of the wretched state in which the libraries of the sixteenth century were preserved. To his request to be allowed to see the library of the Franciscans at Oxford, which he had an ardent desire to examine, it was objected by some of the members

that access to so sacred a retreat could be permitted to none but their prior and the holy bachelors of their house. By a royal edict, however, the reluctant monks were compelled to gratify his curiosity; and great was his astonishment, when instead of the precious and valuable volumes, which had been bequeathed to them by Grostest, he found nothing but dust, cobwebs, worms and dirt, and a few worthless books, for which he would not have given three halfpence. The collections of Bacon had shared no better fate than that of Grostest; the few works, which had not been disposed of, were kept fastened with chains in the most obscure parts of the house, the victims of filth and damp."

The accession of the house of Tudor restored peace to England, and the minds of English scholars were once more directed to the improvement of the nation's literary character. Their first great effort was to introduce the study of the Greek language, and in this they had to encounter a storm of opposition for which they were badly prepared.

"The obstacles, which were opposed to the cultivation of the new language, were sufficiently discouraging to those who laboured in its cause, nor was it till the beginning of the sixteenth century that any considerable progress was effected; and that rather from the exertions of its patrons and the authority of the court, by which they were seconded, than from any conviction of its proper or exclusive merits. Invetives of every kind were hurled against it. Its chief adversaries, the monks, not satisfied with indulging a private enmity, by proclaiming it to be the source of all heresy, made the pulpit subservient to their hostility, and involved the reputation of the Fathers of the Church in the charges which they brought against it. The schoolmen, who saw in its success the wane of their own power, harboured similar feelings, and whilst the sophistry of their art was no less maliciously employed to arrest its progress, the only recompense which Hebraists and Grecians received for their toils was the opprobrious term of *infidel*, which was as odiously attached to one party, as that of *heretic* was as falsely charged on the other. One preacher at Oxford, having heaped the most virulent reproaches upon the language, was silenced only by a royal command. The oft told story of the court preacher, who, in the spirit of folly rather than of Christian wisdom, indulged before the king in a no less determined hatred, but total ignorance of the language which he condemned, may stand as a sample of the qualifications of most of its impugnors, and of the abilities of the priesthood, who perverted their calling to effect the suppression of that which exposed their own ignorance in proportion as it gave light and knowledge to the rest of mankind."

It must not, however, be supposed that much was primarily gained by the success of the patrons of Greek. They cared little for the classic authors in that language, with the single exception of Aristotle; their attention was exclusively confined to the sophists, the rhetoricians, and the theologians. Linacre himself translated a tract of Proclus, and some treatises of Galen, but we find no trace of his having bestowed a thought upon the poets, the philosophers, or the historians.

But the great event in Linacre's life was the founding of the College of Physicians, letters patent for which were granted in 1518. The conductors of the college were soon involved in a war with the University of Oxford, which finally led to a great improvement of the medical course in that university.

"The university of Oxford had admitted Simon Ludford, originally a Franciscan friar and afterwards an apothecary in London, and

David Laughton, a coppersmith, two ignorant, unlettered, and incompetent persons, to the honours of the baccalaureate in medicine. The college reproved the university by letter, recommending that the vote which conferred the degrees should be rescinded, and advising a more cautious conduct in the future dispensation of them. With the former the university did not think it fit to comply, and the college was meditating further proceedings, when the inquisition of the Cardinal Pole, in 1556, for the reformation of religion and faith, and the correction of collegiate abuses, enabled them to prosecute their appeal with more effect. The college immediately laid their complaints before the visitors, to whom they gave the following specimen of Laughton's pretensions. 'Cujus infantia cum suggestit, ut quomodo corpus declinaretur, exigeremus, respondit—hic, hæc et hoc corpus, accusativo corpore;' adding, 'egregius certè ex universitate medicus, cui humana vita committeretur.' The visitors interdicted the University from a repetition of this licence, and provided that a certain course of study should be followed by each candidate previously to his incorporation."

On the whole, we have been disappointed with this work, but our praise is due to the author for having directed public attention to the subject. A good political and literary history of the middle ages is still wanting,—one that should trace the rise of municipal freedom and its victories over feudalism; the growth of philosophical inquiry, its struggles against ecclesiastical domination, and its final triumph.

Topography of Thebes, and General View of Egypt. By I. G. Wilkinson, Esq. 8vo. London: Murray.

WE were speculating not long since on the possible effect of steam in opening Egypt to our summer tourists—and here, as if in anticipation of the fulfilment of our dream, is a work, which, all higher considerations for the moment laid aside, might serve as a guide book. Even Mr. Wilkinson himself seems to have contemplated such use for it, and it is accordingly described in the title-page as "a short account of the principal objects worthy of notice in the valley of the Nile," and we have, in an Appendix, a chapter on "Things required for travelling in Egypt, with general instructions to those who visit it," and a "Vocabulary" for their use.

Unfortunately, our general arrangements for the present number were completed before this work was received. We have, however, read it through with much interest; but as we could not do justice, either to the subject or ourselves, in a hurried notice, we shall be content this week to give Mr. Wilkinson's account of Mohammed Ali, and the general government of the country:—

"Egypt is no longer governed by twenty-four Beys or Sangaks, as in the time of the Ghooz (Memlooks), but each province has its mamoor, inferior only to the governor of Upper Egypt, whose capital is E' Siout. Under each mamoor are nazers, or inspectors of districts, whose jurisdiction extends over seven kâshefs or governors of towns and of the surrounding lands and villages, and under each of these again are seven or eight Qy'maqams, according to the number of villages in the district. The office of these last is to superintend the cultivation of the lands, and to collect the taxes, assisted by the Shekh beled, or native chief of each village, who is under these Turkish officers. A superintendent,

or nazer shekh (Shekh el Meshy'kh) also overlooks the shekhs beled, under the immediate orders of the kâshef; and the mobâsher, a Christian inspector, appoints the numerous Copt scribes and collects their accounts.

"The salary† of the Kiaiha Bey, now governor of Upper Egypt, is 3000 purses, upwards of 21,000 pounds sterling a year; of the mamoor, 120 to 180 purses‡ (reduced from 300); of the nazer, 60 to 84 purses annually; of the kâshef, from 300 to 600 piastres a month; of the Qy'maqam from 125 to 150 piastres (reduced from 200) a month; of the shekh el Meshykh, 200 piastres a month; and of the embasher or mobâsher, 6½ purses (reduced from 12 and 18 purses) annually; the Copt scribe receiving one fothda from every real of the taxes levied in the year.

"These are paid from the government treasury; and the only person who has a direct and legal claim on the peasant is the shekh beled, who takes the produce of one in every twenty-five feddans, with presents of different kinds according to the means or fears of the donor.

"It is the invariable maxim of a Turk never to refuse a gift; and the fellâh has long since learnt the necessity of courting the good-will or deprecating the displeasure of his rulers by occasional peace-offerings, which, though their object is known, have generally a momentary effect, and perhaps relieve him from some oppressive exaction. In many instances, severity is practised purposely to elicit these boons; but their reward depends on the caprice of the receiver, and is generally detrimental to some other peasant. Thus, if the shekh, surveyor, or Copt scribe are bribed, the donor's field of a hundred acres is measured with the more accurate and approximate census of one hundred and five, and the additional ten are added to the hundred and fifteen of a neighbour; or the proportion of cotton he is to sow is diminished; or he is allowed to carry home an ardeb of wheat by night from the field he has cultivated for the granaries of the pasha.

"To such an extent are the exactions of the inferior governors carried in Upper Egypt, that if the government demand for one qantar of butter is to be raised from the peasants, they do not fail to increase it to two, or one and a half, the surplus being appropriated by and divided between them: and the nominal ardeb of seed, diminished to three quarters, must be received without a murmur, and returned in full to the Efendee of the government granary. In complaining of the number of persons who prey upon the fruits of his labours, justly might the peasant exclaim, 'sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves;' and his humorous comparison of the government of Egypt with the habits of fish, whose smaller fry serve to feed those of a larger and more voracious kind, is well known, and aptly applied to the present system, when every Verres is enriched by the spoliation of the peasant, from the mamoor to the mequddem, or bundle of the lowest governor.

"But the greatest injustice is this, that the honest man who has paid his arrears is obliged, if he has still any produce in hand, to make up for the debt of some other person, on whom an obligatory check is given by the government for the amount; and the helpless peasant, unable to

† The salaries of some of the chief officers, both civil and military, are enormous: Ahmed Pasha Taker and Ahmed Pasha of Mekkeh are said each to have 5000 purses; Moharrem Bey and the Defterdar Bey each 3000. A general of division 400, a major-general 350, a general of brigade 300 purses, &c.

The revenue of Egypt is variously estimated, some averaging it at 25,000,000 of dollars, others at 2,100,000*l.*, and others again from 2,500,000*l.* to 3,000,000*l.* sterling. Under Mohammed Khosrow Pasha it is said to have been 60,000 purses or 750,000*l.*, according to the value of the purse at that time.

‡ A purse is about 7*l.* 3*s.* English. Since writing this, the value of the purse has been reduced to about 6*l.*, owing to the deterioration of the coin of Egypt.

procure from the defaulter, or his dishonest neighbour, what the fear of a Turkish ruler has not succeeded in eliciting, remains for ever deprived of that right which he can have no hopes of obtaining.

"Besides the injury these men inflict on the revenues of the pasha, the total want of encouragement for the peasant to improve the agricultural productions of the country, is another material consideration. Trees are seldom or never reared, or if some few are planted in the vicinity of the large towns, no inducement is held out to attend to their culture, and the despondent fellah willfully neglects them to avoid their additional tax.

"Independent of the losses occasioned to persons of every class by the monopolies of the Pasha, who in straining every nerve in order to prepare for and prosecute the war against the Sultan, has overlooked the welfare of his people, the provincial governors, relying on that security which a distance from the capital affords them, have recourse to numerous tyrannical measures, in order to exact from the peasant extra duties, which they appropriate to themselves; and frequently have the finesse to evade those orders which the Pasha sometimes transmits for the relief of the peasant, and the dispensation of justice. And so fully persuaded are some of the more intelligent *fellahs* of this fact, that they have been known to declare that 'if the intentions of Mohammed Ali were not thwarted by the intrigues of their oppressors, the murmurs of the peasantry would be speedily converted into that praise, which is due to the humanity of his disposition.' For, when I have laid before the reader the preceding statements, relative to the condition of the peasants, and felt it my duty to be guided solely by those facts which are the result of inquiry on the spot, I do not think it less incumbent on me to pay a just tribute to the character of the Pasha, if I cannot to his mode of government; and it is sincerely to be hoped that, prompted by the natural bent of his inclination, and the desire he is said to have expressed of ameliorating the state of the country, and aided by the transcendent abilities he possesses, a day of happiness and deliverance from oppression may soon dawn upon the peasant; and the accomplishment of so praiseworthy an object will reflect some real lustre on the flattered name of the Viceroy of Egypt."

Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindú. Translated from the original Sanskrit. By Horace Hayman Wilson, M.A., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Second Edition. London: Parbury, Allen & Co.

THESE specimens were originally published in Calcutta, and a very limited number reprinted in this country: they were ably and copiously reviewed in *Blackwood's Magazine*; but many adverse circumstances precluded the translator's experiment from receiving a fair trial, and the great body of readers from deciding whether the Hindú dramas deserve to rank among the standard works of general literature. To the vast majority these volumes will appear perfectly new, and this is a sufficient reason for giving them a more extended notice than we usually accord to second editions. It must also be added, that the corrections and alterations introduced into the present edition are considerable, both in number and importance; and that the lovers of Hindú literature could not desire to have the case of their favourite study submitted to the tribunal of public taste under better auspices. The name of Professor Wilson is known throughout Europe and Asia;—the learned of both conti-

nents pay willing homage to his indefatigable research and extensive acquirements; and, to great learning, he adds the rarer qualifications of refined taste. If this accomplished scholar fails to naturalize Kálidása, no future translator can hope for success. We must, therefore, give a full and fair hearing to a question that is to be decided once and for ever.

The very existence of a Hindú drama was unknown in Europe until Sir William Jones published his translation of 'Sakuntalá,' or 'The Fatal Ring,' which, by the way, we should gladly have seen included in this collection: the great merits of that delightful piece pointed out the subject as worthy of farther investigation; but so many difficulties impeded the attempt, that none but the most enterprising could venture to pursue the track. The metaphysical character of the next translated specimen, 'The Rise of the Moon of Intellect,' published by the late Dr. Taylor, of Bombay, damped the ardour produced by the 'Sakuntalá'; and the analysis of 'The Stolen Marriage' given in the 'Asiatic Researches,' by Mr. Colebrooke, though well calculated to revive attention to the subject, appeared in an Essay on Sanscrit and Prákrit prosody, and in a volume not likely to fall in the way of general readers. It must be added, that these plays are the representatives of classes of Hindú dramas, the mythopastoral and the metaphysical: they could not, therefore, convey to Europeans an adequate notion of a literature affording "examples of the drama of domestic, as well as of heroic life—of original invention as well as of legendary tradition."

Before entering upon an analysis of some of the specimens, it is necessary to say a few words on the general character of the Hindú drama; for its merits and its defects are all its own: we can trace neither in its conduct nor construction any similarity to those which we have been accustomed to consider the perfection of dramatic art; there is no limit to the number of acts; the unities of time and place are disregarded, though unity of plot is uniformly observed. The rules and restrictions to which the author is subject are very numerous and very minute, but they all spring from the peculiar social system of the Hindús, and are essentially connected with national development. They are written in a language that must have been unintelligible to the great bulk of the audience; but, being thus reserved for the privileged classes, they maintain a high moral purpose, and a stately purity, too often disregarded where it is necessary to court popular applause. Theatrical representations amongst the Hindús, as amongst the ancient Greeks, formed an essential part of religious ceremonies; and, as the Greek tragedians frequently borrowed the outlines of their plots from the Homeric poems, so did the dramatists of India from their national epics, the Mahá-bhárat and the Rámáyana. The notoriety of the stories probably counterbalanced, in some degree, the difficulties which arose from their being represented in a language scarcely intelligible to the multitude. Professor Wilson, in his Introduction, enumerates the several species of the Indian drama, and the strict rules prescribed to each: to his pages, we must refer our readers—having said enough to show that

the specimen before us cannot fairly be tried by the canons of European criticism.

The first of the selected dramas is 'The Toy-Cart': it extends to ten acts, and is one of the happiest specimens of a combination of two plots, with which we are acquainted. The outlines of the principal story may be told in a few words:—Charudatta is a Brahman, of a wealthy and respectable family, reduced to poverty by his munificence; but he still preserves his noble disposition, lamenting, not the loss of his wealth, but his diminished power of benefiting his fellow-creatures.

I do not, trust me, grieve for my lost wealth: But that the guest no longer seeks the dwelling, Whence wealth has vanished, does I own afflict me. Like the ungrateful bee, who wanders fly. The elephant's broad front, when thick congeals The dried up dew, they visit me no more.

A wealthy lady, Vasantaséná, falls in love with him, and resolves to become his second wife. She visits him during one of those terrific storms so frequent in the rainy season, which is powerfully described in a conversation between the lady and her Vita, or parasite, from which the following is an extract:—

Vit. There, like a string of elephants, the clouds In regular file, by lightning fillets bound, Move slowly at their potent god's commands.

Vas. Hailed by the peafowl with their shrillest cry, By the pleased storks delightedly caressed, And by the provident swans with anxious eye Regarded, yonder rests one threatening cloud Involving all the atmosphere in gloom.

Vit. The countenance of heaven is close concealed, By shades the lightning scant irradiates. The day and night confusedly intermix, And all the lotus eyes of ether close. The world is lulled to slumber by the sound Of falling waters, sheltered by the clouds That countless crowd the chambers of the sky. Vas. The stars are all extinct, as fades the memory Of kindness in a bad man's heart. The heavens Are shorn of all their radiance, as the wife Her glory loses in her husband's absence.

Samst'hánaka, the brother of the reigning sovereign, falls in love with Vasantaséná—but, irritated by her scornful rejection of him, resolves to murder her. His parasite, who had hitherto been the companion of his vices, shrinks from the perpetration of such a crime: when asked, "Who shall see you?" he replies—

All nature—the surrounding realms of space; The genii of these groves, the moon, the sun, The winds, the vault of heaven, the firm-set earth, Hell's awful ruler, and the conscious soul— These all bear witness to the good or ill That men perform, and these will see the deed.

The wicked prince next applies to his slave, Sthávaraka, who makes the attempt, and then accuses Charudatta of the crime. The matter is brought before the criminal court; but the evidence is so obscure, that the judge, using a very undignified simile, declares that "his understanding labours like a cow in a quagmire." At this moment, some jewels are produced, which Vasantaséná had given to purchase a toy-cart for Charudatta's little son, and, on the strength of this evidence, the Brahman is condemned. Just as the executioner is about to strike the fatal blow, Vasantaséná, who had only been wounded, rushes in—the Brahman's life is spared, and a revolution in the state, which forms the underplot in the drama, restores him to wealth, and the pleasures of beneficence.

'The Hero and the Nymph,' by Kálidása, is the second and most interesting of these

"At certain periods a thick dew exhales from the elephant's temples. The peculiarity, though known to Strabo, seems to have escaped naturalists till lately, when it was noticed by Cuvier."

plays. Urvasi, one of the nymphs of heaven, being rescued from the power of a malignant spirit by Pururavas, falls in love with her deliverer, who kindles with a mutual flame. The nymph, while performing her part in a sacred drama, unconsciously uttered the secret of her mortal love, and was sentenced to lose her divine knowledge; but, as one of the spectators informs us,

When the performance was over, Indra observing her as she stood apart, ashamed and disconsolate, called her to him. The mortal who engrossed her thoughts, he said, had been his friend in the hour of peril; he had aided him in conflict with the enemies of the gods, and was entitled to his acknowledgment. She must accordingly repair to the monarch, and remain with him till he beholds the offspring she shall bear him.

With the consent of his queen, Pururavas marries the nymph, and retires with her into a desert, where there should be no interruption to their mutual love. After some time, Urvasi strays into a forest belonging to a malignant power, who transforms her into a vine. Pururavas, ignorant of her fate, loses his senses, and the noble lyric strains in which his insane grief is expressed, are among the finest effusions of Kālidāsa's muse.

AIR.

I will speak to this peacock—Oh tell,
If, free on the wing as you soar,
In forest, or meadow, or dell,
You have seen the loved nymph I deplore—
You will know her, the fairest of damsels fair
By her large soft eye, and her graceful air.

(Advancing to the bird and bowing.)

Bird of the dark blue throat and eye of jet,
Oh tell me, have you seen the lovely face
Of my fair bride—lost in this dreary wilderness?
Her charms deserve your gaze. How—no reply!
He answers not, but beats a measure. How—
What means this merry mood? Oh yes, I know
The cause. He now may boast his plumage
Without a peer, nor shame to show his glories
Before the floating tresses of my Urvasi.
I leave him, nor will waste a thought on one
Who feels no pity for another's woes.

Yonder, amidst the thick and shady branches
Of the broad *jambu*, cowers the *koil*—faint
Her flame of passion in the hotter breath
Of noon. She of the birds is wisest famed—
I will address her.

AIR.

Say, nursing of a stranger nest,
Say, hast thou chanced my love to see,
Amidst these gardens of the blest,
Wandering at liberty;
Or warbling with a voice divine
Melodious strains more sweet than thine?

(Approaches, and kneels.)

Sweet bird—whom lovers deem Love's messenger;
Skilled to direct the God's envenomed shafts
And tame the proudest heart; oh, hither guide
My lovely fugitive, or lead my steps
To where she strays.

(Turns to his left, and as if replying.)

Why did she leave
One so devoted to her will? In wrath
She left me, but the cause of anger lives not
In my imagination—the fond tyranny
That women exercise o'er those who love them
Breaks not the slightest shew of disregard.
How now: the bird has flown. 'Tis ever thus—
All coldly listen to another's sorrows.
Unheeding my affliction, lo, she speeds,
Intent on joy expected, to you tree,
To banquet on the luscious juice, the *jambu*;
From its own ripe and rosy fruit, distils.
Like my beloved, the bird of tuneful song
Deserts me. Let her go—I can forgive her.

How beautiful the lotus—it arrests
My path and bids me gaze on it—the bees
Murmur amidst its petals—like the lip
Of my beloved it glows, when that has been
Somewhat too rudely sipped by mine, and sweetly
Protests against such violence—I will woo
This honey-rifer to become my friend.

AIR.

Unheeding the cygnet at first,
His beak in the nectar of passion dips;

"† The *koil*, like the cuckoo, is said to leave its eggs
in the nests of other birds.

"‡ Because the *koil*'s song is especially heard at
the season of spring, the friend of love.

"§ The rose-apple, so denominated from its odour."

But fiercer and fiercer his thirst—

As deeper he sips.

Say, plunderer of the honied dew, hast thou
Beheld the nymph whose large and languid eye
Voluptuous rolls, as if it swam with wine?
And yet methinks 'tis idle to enquire,
For had he tasted her delicious breath
He now would scorn the lotus. I will hence.

A goddess takes pity on him, and sends him an amulet, by which the enchantment is broken, and Urvasi restored to his arms. As years elapse between some of the acts, Urvasi's son, whom she had hidden, remembering the conditions affixed by Indra to her residence on earth, attains the age of manhood: an accident brings him into the company of his parents; but their joy at beholding him is blighted by the remembrance, that Urvasi's term on earth is expired. At this moment, a sage descends from heaven, announcing that the gods had resolved to admit Pururavas into their assembly, and that he shall enjoy eternal bliss with his Urvasi. The drama concludes with the coronation of Ayus, the son of the hero and nymph; and the following singular benediction is spoken by Pururavas:—

May learning and prosperity oppose
No more each other, as their wont, as foes:
But in a friendly bond together twined
Ensure the real welfare of mankind.

The History of Rāma forms the subject of the third drama: it comprises the history of the events subsequent to the conclusion of the war described in the Rāmāyana. The people of Ayodhyā (Oude,) become unjustly suspicious of the influence that Queen Sitā exercises over Rāma: they are about to rise in rebellion, when Rāma consents to have her removed from the palace during her sleep, and sent into a remote exile. Sitā throws herself into the Ganges, but is saved by the deity of that river; and the twins, of which she is subsequently delivered, are educated in all the knowledge of the East by sage ascetics. Twelve years rolled on, but Rāma did not forget his love of Sitā, and when about to offer the *Aswamedh*, or solemn sacrifice of a horse—the importance of which is well known, from Dr. Southey's 'Curse of Kehama'—a golden image of Sitā is designed to form a part of the solemn rite. Before the ceremony, he visits the forest of Janasthāna, the scene, as the readers of the Rāmāyana will remember, both of his ancient glories and of his "love's young dream;" he is accompanied by the spirit of Sambūka, whom he had slain, and who feels grateful to Rāma for the gift of death—because, to fall by such a hand, is a sure passage to a glorious immortality. The scenery of the forest, and the feelings with which Rāma recognizes it, are powerfully described.

Rām. Lies Janasthāna here?

Sam. Towards the south,

It skirts these thickets, through whose spacious bounds
Wander at will the masters of the wild.
Fierce o'er the mountain stalks the ravenous tiger,
Or lurks in gloomy caves; through the thick grass
Curls the vast serpent, on whose painted back
The cricket chirps, and with the drops that dew
The scales allays his thirst. Silence profound
Enwraps the forest, save where babbling springs
Gush from the rock, or where the echoing hills
Gave back the tiger's roar, or where the boughs
Burst into crackling flame, and wide extends
The blaze the dragon's fiery breath has kindled.

Rām. I recognise the scene, and all the past
Rises to recollection. These drear shades
Appalled not Sitā, well content to brave
The forest gloom with Rāma at her side.
Such was her wondrous love, that cheerfully
She trod the wild. What wealth need man desire,
Who in the fond companion of his life,
Has one that shares his sorrows, and disperses
All anxious care with exquisite delight?

Sam. Dismiss such melancholy thoughts. Observe

The peafowl's glorious plumage, as he lights
Beneath you cope—behold, through tufted grass,
Where come the trooping deer, bounding to covert,
Nor fear the gaze of man; there cooling fall
The sparkling torrents; as they flash beneath
The overhanging willows, or the boughs
Laden with fruit declining to the stream,
And vocal with innumerable choristers.
The she-bear growls along the flowery brink,
And from the incense-bearing tree, the elephant
Snaps the light branch, and all its gum exudes.
And breathes rich perfume through the balmy air.
I quit thee, lord, to visit, with thy leave,
Ere I ascend to heaven, *Agastya's* cell.

Rām. Be thy path propitious!

[Exit Sambūka.]

'Twas here that long and happily I dwelt,
Ere other duties and the cares of empire
Disturbed my tranquil joys. But such our lot—
Each various station has its proper claim.
The hermit's calm suits not the rank of king,
Nor kingly state the peaceful hermitage.
Scenes of repose, with lavish nature graced,
Haunts undisturbed of timid birds and deer,
Streams decorated with the untrodden fringe
Of flowery blossoms and luxuriant creepers,
I know ye well.

The restoration of Rāma to his wife and children is at length effected by divine interference.

The great defect of this play is want of incident—but this is amply compensated by depth of feeling: affection could scarcely be exhibited in stronger colours than are to be found in the sorrowings of Rāma and Sitā when separated, and their joy when reunited. This drama closes the first volume. The specimens we have given of this work are, we think, likely to tempt the reader to seek for a more intimate acquaintance with it.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*' Vol. I.—This edition is to be completed in eight monthly volumes. It will contain, the editors observe, "all the existing materials for the Biography of Dr. Johnson, together with copious illustrations, critical, explanatory, and graphical." To the Life will be added, Boswell's 'Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides,' Johnson's own 'Diary of his Tour into Wales,' and various private letters; and the seventh and eighth volumes will contain the many conversational fragments scattered through the writings of Mrs. Piozzi, Hawkins, Tyers, Miss Reynolds, Murphy, Cumberland, Nichols, and others, who have contributed to "the general record of his wit and wisdom, with illustrative matter entirely new;" and the editors will avail themselves throughout of the annotations in Mr. Croker's late edition. Such an edition cannot fail to be most welcome. Boswell's Life is one of the most delightful, companionable, fire-side books in the language; as Walter Scott said, "it is the best parlour-window book that ever was written," and the present edition is not only cheap, but beautiful. The illustrations to this first volume are, a whole-length portrait of Johnson, from an original painting in the possession of Mr. Archdeacon Cambridge, a vignette, by Stanfield, of the Market Place at Lichfield, with the house in which Johnson was born, and a copy of an interesting drawing, representing Tunbridge Wells, with the principal visitors in 1748, including Johnson and his wife, with the names of each individual underneath in a fac-simile of the handwriting of Richardson, to whom the original belonged; and it is bound with a perfection of taste which entitles it, at once, to take its place on the shelves of the most choice in such matters, while it is substantial enough for the every-day use of humbler men.

'*Encyclopædia Britannica.*' Part LVII.—We have more than once bestowed merited praise on this truly national work, and we rejoice to see that the number before us more than maintains the high character of those previously

published. It contains a very complete account of the manufacture of glass, a Life of Goethe, and a critical examination of his works, manifestly written by a person well acquainted with the spirit of German literature, and the philosophic views which Goethe was anxious to inculcate. But the gem of the volume is the article on Government, which is one of the most perfect specimens of the science of politics that has appeared since the days of Aristotle: for this clear and logical statement of the principles on which government is founded, and by which its forms are determined, we believe that we are indebted to Mr. Mill—"aut Erasmus aut Diabolus." There is also an excellent treatise on Universal Grammar, which displays unusual analytic skill. The proprietors of this work are fully justified in stating that, "considering its extent and execution, it will unquestionably form the cheapest, as well as the most valuable digest of human knowledge, that has yet appeared in Britain;" and we must once more remind our readers, that to suit the convenience of all classes, this work is now issued in numbers once a fortnight at three shillings a number, so that all but the very poorest may possess themselves of a copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*! And the proprietors pledge themselves, and their word is good security, that it shall be completed in twenty-one volumes: they hope and believe in twenty.

'*Legends of the North, and Border Minstrelsy, selected chiefly from the works of Sir Walter Scott.*'—We presume that the compiler states fairly, in his preface, the nature of this work, and shall therefore call upon him to speak for himself. "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, has been confessedly the least popular of Sir Walter Scott's productions; a great portion of its contents is wholly devoid of interest to the general reader, although valuable to the antiquarian, while there are scattered throughout its pages numerous literary gems, in every respect worthy of the author's fame. It therefore occurred to the editor of this little volume, that he would be rendering a service to the admirers of Scott, by selecting the legendary tales and most popular ballads, and presenting them in a collected form, divested of that voluminous and dry detail, which had deterred many from perusing the original work." There can be no doubt that it was equally kind and considerate in this gentleman to take the "literary gems" out of Sir Walter Scott's works, and offer them in this cheap edition to his admirers; of course he obtained the sanction of Sir Walter's family to the transfer—for it would otherwise look like piracy—and intends to hand over the proceeds of the sale to the Abbotsford subscription. We have good security for the money, as Mr. Tilt's name is in the title-page.

SACRED CLASSICS, Vol. XIV.—'Leighton's Exposition of the Creed.'—The progress of the Library of Sacred Classics has been watched by us with sincere pleasure. It is gratifying to see members of the establishment united with dissenting ministers in spreading the doctrines of orthodox Christianity. No more conclusive proof can be given of advancing civilization than this oblivion of minor differences—this union for a common good. These sentiments are naturally suggested by the volume before us; here are the works of a British prelate, by no means the least remarkable for his attachment to episcopacy, edited and strenuously recommended by one of our most eminent dissenting divines. The names of Leighton and Dr. Pye Smith need no comment, but when we see them in catholic union on the same title-page, we cannot avoid expressing our pleasure at such a convincing proof of Christian liberality.

'*Rammohun Roy's Precepts of Jesus.*'—This work has already been the subject of much angry controversy, which we fear its republication may

revive. Rammohun Roy learned the Hebrew and Greek languages, in order to study the Christian Scriptures in the original tongues, and the tracts here collected contain the summary of the doctrines which, in his opinion, those Scriptures teach. Without denying that the opinions of an intelligent inquirer, whose only object was the discovery of truth, deserve attention, we think that too much importance has been attributed to them by both parties in the Unitarian controversy; after all, they are but individual opinions; and it may be, that their formation was in some degree influenced by the learned Brahmin's unconscious anxiety to discover points of resemblance between the religion of the Vedas and that of the Gospels.

'*Dr. Pye Smith's Church at Philippi.*'—The author's design is to illustrate the nature of primitive christianity by examining all the circumstances recorded of one of the most interesting early christian churches. He has executed his task with ability, and in the spirit of christian charity. The supplementary notes contain much valuable information respecting the state of the Church in the two first centuries.

'*The Architectural Magazine and Journal of Improvement in Architecture, Building, and Furnishing, and in the various Arts and Trades connected therewith;* conducted by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., &c. in monthly parts, 1 to 12.'—This work, like most others published by its indefatigable author, is calculated to be of much practical utility: its title is sufficiently comprehensive, and the conductor has availed himself to the utmost of its unlimited range of subject. He has not, as was heretofore too much the fashion, considered architecture as confined to the orders of Greece and Rome; but adverts at large to those styles peculiar to India, Egypt, and to Gothic architecture, as well worthy attention. There are numerous contributions from different hands—various in subject as in merit; some treat upon the philosophy, the theory, and principles of composition in architecture; others describe the buildings lately erected, or now in progress, in this country; and this we consider a very valuable portion of this periodical. Warming and ventilation, furnishing, and reviews of architectural works, have each their due space. The conductor, perhaps wisely, invited "not only architects, builders, surveyors, and amateurs, but artizans, journeymen, and apprentices of all the different arts and trades, mentioned as more immediately connected with architecture, to become his correspondents;" and the call has been extensively answered; but we must protest, as an offence against propriety and delicacy, when he goes further, and solicits the pupils, the Clerk—nay, the brothers of architects (p. 47) to furnish delineations of works in progress from the original drawings, and calls upon the architects themselves, by name, to contribute descriptions of their own buildings and inventions. But we have greater pleasure in praising than in censuring so useful a compiler and writer as Mr. Loudon; and we, therefore, acknowledge ourselves to have been much interested in the details of the Hungerford Market and of the York Column, although we think his description of the latter would have been more instructive to the man of science and the artist, if he had pointed out the defects as well as the merits of the pillar. As an adoption, we consider the York Column injudicious and servile—in proportion cumbrous and heavy—in execution devoid of that enrichment which alone renders its prototype worthy of admiration; the scaffolding, too, was an egregious blunder, and the whole operation of raising the statue a vast display of ignorance. Within a few months the French have placed Napoleon's statue on the summit of the Colonne Vendôme, but no scaffolding was thought necessary by our ingenious neighbours;

a simple "bascule" was all that the French architect wanted, and he raised his statue to its place at one-tenth of the sum which our scaffolding cost. We must also advise Mr. Loudon not to trust too implicitly to his correspondents, as he sometimes unintentionally injures meritorious individuals: in one part he gives credit to Mr. Aust, as the architect of some improvements at Bath, (vol. 2, p. 92,) whereas Mr. Manners is the architect, and Mr. Aust the mere mason. This mistake, we happen to know, has caused a lively sensation in the immediate neighbourhood. On the subject of the Birmingham Town Hall we could say much: we do not consider that either the architects or contractors merit the pity, which it is meant to excite in their favour; and if the report be true, (p. 380,) that parts of the edifice already evince symptoms of unsound construction, the committee will be justly punished, for having, in the face of the best advice, intrusted this important building to men unable to execute it properly for the paltry sum appropriated to the purpose. On the whole, we think the 'Architectural Magazine' likely to be a useful periodical, and, after some modification, to succeed well.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE magazines this month are, at least, seasonable—that is to say, equally guiltless of Christmas heartiness and spring freshness; but it would not perhaps be reasonable to expect the same fancy and fervour from contributors at this cheerless and comfortless time, as is natural to them in the merry season of the misletoe and yule log, or when May "fillets the eager earth with flowers." Perhaps we are, ourselves, a trifle splenetic and fastidious, for, on looking over *Blackwood* once again, we find a delightful article on 'Romeo and Juliet,' being the second of the series entitled, 'Shakspeare in Germany.' We are amused by the paper on French and German Belles Lettres, part of which contains an account of a German comedy, in which the *quintillionth* school of medicine (Homœopathy) is held up to ridicule; and we are charmed with the 'Antique Greek Lament,' by Mrs. Hemans, and by 'The last journey,' which we are sure, is from the pen of Miss Bowles. They are both of them exquisite, and almost sufficient in themselves to prove the pre-eminence of our English poetesses over those of any other country. We like contrasts, and a stronger to *Blackwood* could hardly be found in spirit, style, and management than the *Monthly Repository*. They have not one point in common, save a genuine love for the poet's art. The number before us is not so good as usual, except for the fragments in verse by the Corn-law Rhymers, and the 'Evening with Charles Lamb and Coleridge.' It is pleasant to see what a flush of fresh and kindly fancies, and pleasant reminiscences, have already sprung up, like flowers, round the grave of our "fine-hearted Elia;" it is a gladdening evidence that poets do not live among us in vain. We find another agreeable paper of traits and anecdotes of our deceased friend in the *Court Magazine*: the story of the dog given him by Hood, and how the aforesaid dog took advantage of Elia's simplicity by behaving in an audacious and disorderly manner, to the wearying of his patience and the terror of his excellent sister—is capital, and characteristic. The number is altogether one of the best we have seen; the author of the 'Usurer's Daughter' gives us a dry sarcastic paper on Village Choristers, and Sir Egerton Brydges another of his Conversations in Purgatory. The *Metropolitan* continues strong, in virtue of its editor's 'Japhet,' and 'The Pasha of Many Tales.' It contains also two carefully-written articles on politics and political economy, and a host of little melo-

dramas in the 'Sicilian Facts.' The *Asiatic Journal* is, as usual, interesting. We like (and have said so till we are weary) these periodicals of a decided character; and the general reader, usually the last person who thinks of referring to them, would find his mind freshened, and his store of ideas pleasantly increased, by turning occasionally from the *miscellany-magazines* to such as are devoted to one subject—we may say the same of the *United Service Journal* and *Sporting Magazines*, old and new. We are men of peace, and do not affect the pleasures of the field, but we always find amusement and some instruction in all these periodicals. We have also a kindliness for the *Gentleman's Magazine*: there is a fine air of antiquity about it, and it is at present conducted with an enterprise in the search for curious and interesting matters, which makes us fancy that the gentle Sylvanus Urban must have taken a dip in Medea's cauldron. The present number contains, among other pleasant papers, 'Some Historical Particulars respecting the Gunpowder Plot of 1605,' and a letter on the family of Sir Ralph Sadler, in which that singular concession was made, declaring the children he had by Lady Sadler to be legitimate, though born in the life of her first husband, she having married Sir Ralph under the belief of his death. There is matter here for a romance. We now come to the *New Monthly and Fraser*: the former has 'Love in the Library,' No. II.—with a graphic picture of an American thaw.—Mrs. Erskine Norton's valuable and interesting account of Dr. Francia, whose continued dictatorship in Paraguay is something like a standing miracle in these our overturning days—the second number of 'Shakespeare's Confessions,' and Mrs. Hemans's beautiful and true 'Thoughts during sickness'—let us rejoice that they end with 'Recovery.' But we cannot leave this periodical without asking whether we are to have all the old and well-known cases of our criminal court *rechauffés* in the 'Chapters from the Note-Book of a Deceased Lawyer'—whether the crimes of Patch, and Mrs. Blandy, and Mrs. Rudd, and Elizabeth Brownrigg (that bugbear of our childhood), are to follow the threadbare story of Captain Donnellan, and Sir Theodosius Boughton, which is too familiar to be veiled by a mere change of names? *Fraser* is not quite so happy as usual in his disinterments from Father Prout's chest; but he has a tale, all but complete, by our departed friend 'the Dominic,' and a portrait of Beranger, both of which are to our mind.

By the way, the fly-leaf of *Fraser* contains an announcement which we must not omit to notice. 'The French Revolution, a History, in three books,' by Thomas Carlyle. Another of those who figured at the new year's banquet, to wit, the 'Author of Rookwood,' is promising us a new romance on the story of the 'Admirable Crichton,' and the same publisher who announces this (Mr. McCrone), is about to bring out a volume of unpublished Letters by Madame Piozzi, and a romance with the incomprehensible title of 'Transfusion,' by the late William Godwin, jun., and edited by Mrs. Shelley.

We have been obliged with a private view of a very interesting Exhibition, four dioramic views painted by Mr. Meadows, and representing the interiors of the old House of Commons and Lords—a moonlight view of the buildings taken from the other side of the river, with the effect of the gradual commencement and increase of the fire, given as well as mechanical art could give it—and a view of the striking ruins of St. Stephen's after the conflagration. The perspective of all these pictures is well managed; and the illusion would be perfect were the light admitted more in quantity and purer in quality; at present we seem to look at them through a tinged glass. We should think that this might easily be remedied, and we make our remark in all kindness—for the exhibition is so good, that

there was no need for us to be asked to "eat salt" with its proprietor (he will understand our hint) to engage us to speak well of its merits.

Our contemporaries, we perceive, announce the retirement of Rossi, the sculptor, from his profession, and the continuance of Madame Stockhausen in hers. We are heartily glad of the last piece of news. Poor Rossi's models and sculptures were sold on Tuesday and Wednesday last. We regret that we did not receive notice of the intended sale until too late to draw attention to the subject, which could not fail to interest all persons conversant with or delighting in art; but our friends must understand, that the necessity of going to press earlier than ever, has been, we are happy to say, forced on us by a still increasing sale, and that it is often impossible to insert even a single line after Thursday.

As to the Fine Arts, we are just now a little weary of the subject, as our readers may suppose, when they look at the long list of works which we have been critically poring over. Yet, we cannot dismiss it without a few more last words, in the belief, that, occasionally recalling the principles of their art to the attention of artists, may be beneficial, and we were unwilling to fix our general commentary on any one of the works which have passed under review, because it is equally applicable to most of them. We long since observed, and pointed out, the fatal working of the present rage for 'Annuals' on the art of engraving in this country, marked by exaggeration, ambitious attempts at picturesqueness at the expense of truth, and the prevalence of a little trivial style, instead of that broad and bold manner which used to characterize the works of the old English engravers. We readily admit, that popular works, where the publisher can only obtain remuneration from a very extensive sale, must be adapted to a variety of tastes, and as the mass of society only judge by the eye, and not by any exercise of reason, the more highly the design is set off by extraneous objects, by cloud effects, by dancing lights, and strong contrasts of shadow, the more it is calculated to astonish the vulgar, on the principle of the Frenchman, "Quand je vois quelque chose que je n'entends pas, je suis toujours dans l'admiration." But, in truth, our modern engravers—book-illustrators rather—are beginning to think of nothing but these effects; they now labour to be petite and trifling; the accessories in a landscape are more important with them than the subject itself: clouds and shadows darken everything, even "the blessed sun itself," except here and there where a flash of light dazzles the eye, as from a brass kettle on a Dutch tea-board. We have never seen a tornado, but we cannot imagine that the awful skies in the majority of our landscapes can proceed from any other cause, and then we are perplexed by the quiet indifference of the good people in the foreground. We wish that our engravers would take what we have said into serious consideration.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Feb. 4.—The Rev. Dr. Spry in the chair. Mr. Hamilton read a part of a translation, by himself, of Süvern's Critical Essay on the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes, lately published in the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Berlin. We hope to give as complete an analysis of this learned work, as the nature of it will admit, when the whole shall have been read. Among the presents laid upon the table, was a copy of Mr. Hamilton's translation of the same writer's profound disquisition on the 'Birds,' portions of which were read last year; and by the recent publication of which, Mr. Hamilton has conferred a boon upon those English scholars who are unacquainted with the language of the original.

Feb. 26.—An extract of a letter from Mr. Millingen, dated Paris, Dec. 1834, was read, containing some account of a letter from M. Tessier, lately read at a meeting of the Institute, in which an account was given of some extraordinary ruins, discovered by the writer, in Galatia, at a place which he supposes to be the ancient Tavium. He speaks of an ancient city as extensive as London, having a citadel, or acropolis, as large as a town. Such statements are calculated to excite surprise, and, among sober people, especially on this side the channel, some suspicion. We must wait, however, for more detailed accounts, and for the publication of M. Tessier's drawings, which had arrived in Paris, and were to be published immediately.

In a subsequent letter, dated Aix, Jan. 29, of which extracts were likewise read, Mr. Millingen makes some interesting remarks on the literary history of Provence. The number of eminent men it produced, especially in the seventeenth century, is very remarkable—such as Perrin, Spon, Séguier, Gassendi, Massillon, &c. Its collections of pictures, coins, books, &c. were, previously to the revolution, of corresponding importance. The writer proceeded to express his regret, that while the government had spent large sums in publishing insignificant views in the Morea, &c. the antiquities of this part of France, although it contains a greater number of precious architectural monuments than any other country, Italy excepted, have been suffered to remain unnoticed. Mr. Millingen adds, in this letter, that the suppression of the provincial parliaments in France has had a very injurious effect upon literature, science, and all other intellectual pursuits. The members of those bodies, of whom so many celebrated names survive, being obliged to study, contracted habits of application which induced them to cultivate learning as a recreation, in provincial towns, where no allurements to dissipation existed, as in capitals. A paper, by Mr. Holland, was likewise read, on the importance of the local knowledge supplied by accurate topographical works, to the study of history, &c.

A passage which affords a remarkable instance of the mistakes into which commentators have often been betrayed, for want of such an acquaintance with the relative position of places, occurs in the first ode of the Epodon of Horace, v. 29.—

Non ut superni villa candens Tusculi
Circum taoget mœnia—

which is explained by Mitscherlich to import, that the poet disclaimed the wish of having his Sabine farm so much enlarged, that its buildings might reach the walls of Tusculum: a sentiment, the utterance of which would have afforded the poet little reason to boast of his philosophy; since, if we consult the recently published work of Sir W. Gell, on the topography of Rome and its neighbourhood, we shall find the distance between them to have been, in a direct line, about twenty geographical miles; certainly more than twenty English miles.

A second instance of such mistakes, related to the description, given by the same poet, of the valley of Digentia, in which his villa was situated. This valley, which Sir W. Gell shows to have run nearly from north to south, the commentator, in supposed elucidation of the text, describes as lying east and west.

The last instance mentioned, was a note by the same commentator on a passage of Suetonius's life of Horace: "Vixit plurimum," writes the biographer, "in secessu ruris seu Sabini aut Tiburtini, domusque ejus ostenditur circa Tiburni luculum." He hence infers that Horace had only one country house, and that house which, according to Suetonius, was shown near the grove of Tiburnus,—that is, close to Tibur, was the same with the house on the Sabine Farm; which, if he had consulted the map, he would have found

to have been eight or nine English miles distant from Tibur.

Mr. Hamilton also read, at this meeting, a second portion of Süvern's dissertation on the 'Clouds.'

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 26.—John William Lubbock, Esq., Vice President, in the chair. The reading of Mr. Bishop's paper 'On the Organs of the Voice,' was resumed and concluded.

Mar. 5.—Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart., in the chair. A paper was read, entitled 'On the Discovery of the Metamorphoses of the Cirripedes,' by I. V. Thomson, Esq., F.L.S., Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals, communicated by Sir James Macgregor, F.R.S.

A second paper was read, entitled 'A new method of discovering the Equations of Caustics,' by G. H. S. Johnson, M.A., communicated by the Rev. Baden Powell, F.R.S.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 24.—Mr. Yarrell in the chair. The Secretary read a letter, received from Lady Rolle, stating that a small *Iachus* monkey, the *Sanglin* of Edwards's Gleanings, plate 218, in her Ladyship's possession, had produced two young ones some time since, one of which was dead, the other was in perfect health, and likely to be reared. It was placed on table every day with the dessert, and allowed to partake of cakes, fruit, &c. which it did very freely. The habits of the mother and her young one agreed with the account given, by Edwards, of a female of the same species which produced and reared her young at Lisbon. A female, in the possession of the Society, had brought forth two young ones at the garden, but these were produced dead.

Mr. Gould exhibited a living red-billed Toucan, which had been reared from the nest, and brought over to this country about two years since; the bird is perfectly tame, sagacious, and attached to those that are known to it. Mr. Gould's observations on its habits agree with the statements that have already appeared in print.

Mr. Owen read a paper on an undescribed species of worm, found imbedded in the muscles of an Italian who died in St. Bartholomew's hospital. Two other cases have also occurred in which these worms were found in great numbers. They are surrounded by a fluid, within a cyst, produced by the inflammation excited by the presence of the worm. Mr. Owen proposes the name *Trichina* for this worm, and his paper gave an account of the comparative structure of *Linguatula* and *Trichina*; the first the most complex, and the second the most simple, in organization among the *Eutozoa*.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

The paper read was on the 'Organization of a Siamese Army,' by Capt. Low. The author stated that a Siamese army is levied by conscription, and that the relatives of the conscripts are held as pledges for their fidelity. The commander-in-chief is chosen from amongst the great officers of state, without any reference to his capacity for the office. Among the military titles the most remarkable are those of the generals; who are named, in succession, the Tiger general, the Lion general, the Snake general, the Dog general, &c. The dress of the soldiers is red, but uniformity is by no means regarded: coats of mail are sometimes, but rarely, worn. They crop their hair close, having seen the disadvantage which the Chinese labour under, when running away, from their long tails offering a ready grasp to the pursuers. They are pretty good marksmen. They receive no regular pay, and even provisions are very imperfectly supplied. The times of marching are regulated by the astrologers, and they are very superstitious in observing omens. The most singular feature in the Siamese military system, is the injunction

given to the commanders and soldiers *not to kill*, but to fire short of the enemy, that they may escape the denunciation pronounced by Buddha against the shedder of blood. This, of course, is a mere idle form; the soldiers know well that the anger of the sovereign will be more prompt than the denunciations of Buddha. Desertion is punished with dreadful severity, and the whole family of the deserter are involved in the penalty of his offence: the punishments are very barbarous; sometimes they split open the offender's stomach with a large knife; at other times he is buried up to the neck in the burning sands, or melted lead is poured down his throat. Driving a cocoa-nut into the mouth, is not an uncommon mode of putting criminals to death. This punishment was once inflicted on a Siamese ambassador, who, on his return from France, asserted that the stables at Paris were superior to his master's palace. Persons guilty of sacrilege are roasted to death in an iron cage.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Mar. 2.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S., &c. President, in the chair. Various species of insects detrimental to agriculture, were exhibited, and a series of specimens of a new species of British crustacea from Hastings. The following memoirs were read:—1st, 'Remarks upon some mechanical peculiarities noticed in a spider's web, observed at Wandsworth, Surrey,' by Mr. W. W. Saunders, F.L.S., &c.; 2nd, 'Description of a splendid new Lepidopterous insect, from New South Wales,' by Mr. G. R. Gray; 3rd, 'On the agency of insects in producing sterility in flowers, by the removal of the masculine organs, observed amongst the Asclepiadeæ,' by M. Ch. Merrem, of Brussels, communicated by M. De Wael; 4th, 'Descriptions of some new exotic species of Dipterous insects, chiefly from New South Wales,' by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S.; 5th, 'A description of the Neuration of the superior Wing of the Hymenoptera, with a view to give a fuller and more certain development to the Alary system of Jurine,' by W. E. Shuckard, Esq.; 6th, 'Observations upon the Natural History of various species of West Indian Insects,' by Mr. Sells. A lengthened discussion ensued, relative to the various subjects brought under the notice of the meeting.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
TUES.	Society of Arts (Evening Illustrations)	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Geological Society.....	7, P.M.
	Society of Arts.....	8, P.M.
THUR.	Royal Society.....	8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution.....	8, P.M.
	Astronomical Society.....	Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

If the fashion of *étrennes* were to come across from France, (though we, of all people, with "our dear five hundred friends," have cause to rejoice that the said fashion stays at home,) we should do our gifts on Saints' days and anniversaries, neither in sweetmeats nor gay trinkets—but call in the Fine Arts to our assistance; and our acquaintances might learn to estimate the place they occupied in our good graces, by "large paper copies," and "proofs before the letters."

For instance—to any well-beloved member of the Stockbridge Club, could we show our kindness better than by presenting him with Pickering's splendid Edition of 'Walton's Angler,' with Stothard and Inskipp's designs, and Sir Harris Nicolas's Notes? Stothard had a right spirit wherewith to draw Piscator and Vintor—as we may see by his design in the 6th number of the work now before us—where the two grave, excellent, cheerful men are represented as sitting in the "cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads on the wall"—tended by a landlady who

has not a touch of Mrs. Quickly in her composition. The vignette and head-piece, by the same artist, are full of beauty, and well engraved.

A more complete contrast to this truly English book, in style, spirit, and execution, could hardly be found, than in the 'Rheinischer Sagen-Kreis,' by Adelheid von Stoltz, which comes next to our hand—a series of ballads of the Rhine, illustrated with outline designs by Rethel. In this style of illustration Retsch stands alone; and, the artist before us has borrowed heads, attitudes, costumes from the great master, though often not ungracefully, till we are reminded at every page that we are looking at stolen goods—and should be glad if our favourite legends of "the blue and castled Rhine" were put into the hands of a creator, and not a copyist.

'Mr. Turner's England and Wales,' No. 18, brings us home again. It contains 'Christchurch College, Oxford'—the effect of the child's kite struggling against a stormy sky, is new and happy—'Arundel Castle and Town,' in which the engraver has caught the painter's spirit, and fulfilled his task admirably—the lonely 'Lake of Llanberis,' which, with its sweeping cloud-shadow, and its few storm-beaten fir trees, we prefer to any of the series before us—and 'Leicester Abbey,' where the setting sun and the broad, red, rising moon are in opposition—this requires colour to make it tell properly. We have also before us Parts 1 and 2 of the 'Castles of the Scottish Border,' from original drawings by T. M. Richardson, with original and historic illustrations. The subjects are well chosen, and engraved in mezzotint, and the views of 'Thrace Castle,' and 'Durham,' in Part 2, are very effective, and happily rendered. The letterpress has too strong a tendency towards the grandiloquent for our taste: it is dangerous to attempt fine writing on ground which the author of 'Marmion' and the 'Border Antiquities' has made his own.

From England to Scotland the way is not long and we have here the eighth and concluding number of 'Colonel Murray's Sketches of Scenes in Scotland,' with two views of 'Melrose Abbey,' 'A view from Sir Walter Scott's favourite walk,' (and a charming view it is)—'the Carse of Gowrie, from Kinfauns'—'Dunkeld Cathedral'—'Dundee, from the East,' and two views of 'Quirang, Isle of Skye'—as illustrations. The scenes are all striking, but the sketches have somewhat too much of a camera lucida air, and too little of the fine free hand of the master, to content us thoroughly. It is this which we find so excellent in Mr. Harding's Sketches for 'Hullmandel's Lithographic Drawing Book for the Year 1855,' they are capital studies, and full of character—had we been brought up on such genuine elementary works, we too peradventure might have added R.A. to our name. Another work for the use of landscape painters in embryo—Mr. T. Sidney Cooper's 'Studies of Cattle drawn from Nature,'—must not be passed over without commendation; the cows in No. 1, and the sheep in No. 2, have much quiet and gentle life about them; perhaps, indeed, a little more spirit might have been given to some of the animals with good success.

If we would turn for a moment from natural to architectural beauty—we have 'Memorials of Oxford,' Nos. 25, 26, and 27, to invite us. It is sufficient to say of a work we have so often noticed, that it is proceeding with unabated care—unless we take an exception at the manner in which the artist has contrived, in his drawing of Oxford Castle, to make it appear as if the slight tree in the foreground were leaning upon the roof of the building. We have also, Nos. 1 and 2 of 'Winkles' Cathedrals,' another of those cheap publications which would have made our forefathers stare—the plan of the work is to complete the illustrations of each cathedral in two,

or at most three numbers. It is, indeed, so cheap, that we take an anxious interest in its success, and shall not therefore hesitate to say, that had less labour and finish been bestowed on the accessories of the views, the work would have been more admired by the intelligent. Nor are the plates so free as we could wish from the trickery and finical taste of modern engraving—the detail, for instance, of the west front of the Cathedral is blurred over, and the architecture looks flimsy compared to the marble solidity of the clouds. The representation of the interior is, however, far better—the design correct, and the details sufficiently made out. We say this in the kindest spirit, and with the best wishes for the success of a work which ought to be received with general welcome, as offering the luxury of art to all but the indigent. The delineations of these noble monuments of the Middle Ages hitherto published, have been far too expensive for the general purchaser.

With these, too, should be noticed Part 6 of Mr. Shaw's '*Specimens of Ancient Furniture*,' and Part 3 of '*Specimens of the details of Elizabethan Architecture*,' by the same. Whatever we may think of the costumes current in the time of the Maiden Queen—of the starched ruffs, and the cloth hose gartered with wooden skewers—it is impossible not to be struck with the richness of its architecture, and its fitness to our climate and domestic habits. These two last works are valuable, as well as interesting. So is '*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible*,' and the 12th Part is a capital one, as our readers will know, when we add, that it contains three views by Turner and one by Callcott; our judgment is perplexed between the poetry of Nineveh and the reality of Jericho, to which of the views to give the preference. We have also to mention, with continued praise, Dr. Beattie's '*Switzerland*,' of which some of the scenes cannot be surpassed in sublimity, as, for instance, 'The Gorge of the Rhine,' and 'Via Mala,' in No. 4. Nor less beautiful, though not quite so stern, is 'The Jungfrau.' 'The Convent of La Madonna del Sasso,' is a happy, smiling contrast to these. Nor can we leave this work without commending the extreme clearness of atmosphere (so characteristic of Swiss scenery) which artist and engraver have given to some of the views—as, for instance, that of 'Geneva, from Coligny,' in No. 6, and 'Thun, from the Cemetery,' in No. 8, the latest of the series which has appeared. That nothing may be wanting to bring the mountains of other lands to our very doors, and their rivers to "make their beds" (*vide* Hood's Comic) in our own private chambers, Mr. Allom has begun a series of '*Views of the Tyrol*,' of which the first number promises well. Here also is the concluding part of '*The Landscape Illustrations to Allan Cunningham's Edition of Burns*.' But we have noticed these views before, as they made appearance in the several volumes of the work.

We have seen many drawings, sketches, and *seraubs* of the destruction of the Houses of Parliament, and many views of the ruins, but none which we should so much wish to keep as a record of that memorable event as the one taken by Mr. J. Taylor, jun. on the morning after the fire, and excellently well lithographed by our young friend Mr. A. Picken. The plate is dedicated to His Majesty, and deserves the honour. Another representation of the ruins, drawn by Mr. S. Hawkins, upon zinc, was interesting, as one of the first specimens we have had of this much talked-of invention, and is so like a lithograph, that we should never, of ourselves, have found out the difference. Two other drawings, however, executed by the new process, (they represent different portions of *Furness Abbey*, drawn by Mr. J. Carlyle,) have a certain clearness and force, from which we should be disposed to anticipate that when the powers of the inven-

tion are fully developed, it may be found to surpass lithography in these very desirable qualities.

We have now done with nature and architecture for awhile, but a few *humanities* still remain unspoken of;—and, first, we must mention Mr. J. Hayter's portrait of *The Hon. Mrs. Norton*, which was exhibited at the British Institution a few seasons ago, and is now finely engraved by Geller. This, though it shows the poetess far less "magnificent with all her might" than it was the pleasure of Mr. Parris to represent her, is still more operative than we admire. It has too much of the studied costume, the managed attitude, the called-up look. The power and effect of Sir Joshua's portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, was not produced by force or contrivance. We are told that that transcendent actress, to whom her art was nature, seated herself in his chair at once, in the precise attitude most natural to her lofty and somewhat abstracted mood—and thus the artist painted her. Mr. Hayter has tried too hard (and there was no need) to make his fair subject play the poetess in glance and gesture.

Here, too, is a very fine portrait of a learned divine, and an excellent man—*Dr. Maltby*, the Lord Bishop of Chichester. Sir Wm. Beechey has done him ample justice—and as there is thought and intelligence, and kindness in the face, his task must have been a pleasant one. The print is well engraved by Lupton. The portrait of the *Rev. Andrew Thomson*, from a painting by Watson, engraved by Hodgetts, is not so easy in attitude, nor so noble in expression as the above—but it is a clever and careful work of art, and will be valuable to the personal friends of the Scottish divine. We have also before us a portrait of Audubon, from a miniature by F. Cruickshanks; an excellent likeness of a striking and characteristic head.

'*Westall and Martin's Illustrations to the Bible*,' have reached their 10th number; in this we have the poetry and grandeur of the one artist (as witness his 'Destruction of Tyre,' and 'Nehemiah mourning over Jerusalem'), and the mannerism of his condjutor, as perfectly rendered on wood as well-practised skill could accomplish—but Martin is beyond the reach of wood engraving, and cannot be cabined up on the lid of a snuff-box.

It is a bold thing to try to paint up to Lord Byron, but the Messrs. Finden set forth with their '*Byron Beauties*,' in full confidence of success—and their first and second numbers are good. Mr. Lewis, having been in Spain, was the proper man to furnish us with a portrait of the deep, hypocritical, Doña Inez, and the more tender and frail Doña Julia; but he has wrought out the darker character by much the better—and the lady "who lost all for love," looks a trifle sulky as well as tender. Mr. Wright's 'Zuleika' has all the sweetness of youth—but she is less national than the other two, therefore less to our taste. 'Kaled,' by McClise, is another head which cannot be passed by without honourable mention.

Finally, (and with this we bring up a long and unavoidable arrears,) we must notice No. 1 of the '*Cabinet of Engravings*,' which is announced to appear on the first of every alternate month, and to contain four subjects, engraved in mezzotint, by the first artists; the subjects selected from the works of painters of every age and country. The commencing number has one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's two landscapes—Owen's simple and natural 'Beggars' Petition'—a sunrise by Turner, and Kemble in the character of Rolla. We fear that the announcement of the plates being purchasable singly, will not be of use to the work.—No. 15 of '*Engravings from the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*,' would be worth its price if it only contained the charming and graceful 'Lesbia,' (portrait of Mrs

Collyer). There is nothing like it in our own days; but besides this, we have one of his portraits of children—'The Honourable Master Leicester Stenhope'—a likeness of that *Boanerges* in literature, 'Samuel Johnson'—'Lady Blake,' queenly and proud as Juno—and a family piece, 'Richard and Harriot Elliot and all their children.' Some of the figures in this are delightful, in spite of the quaintness of the dress—in particular, the two children playing upon the grass, in front of the picture.

PRIVATE PRINTS.—There are many fine works of art which go from the sculptor's studio and the painter's easel into the collections of the rich or the curious, never to be looked on again, save by the happy proprietor or some of his favoured visitors; there are also many beautiful prints made from our best works, for private circulation only, which would have a wide sale, and bring high praise to the engravers, were they sent publicly to market. Of the latter we had the good fortune, during the present week, to see two excellent specimens, viz. a print by Cousins, from Chantrey's statue of Pitt, and a line engraving by Charles Fox, from Pickersgill's full length portrait of Sir George Murray. The former is for the members of the Pitt Club of Scotland, and has all the ease and simplicity of the statue, now on its pedestal in Edinburgh; the other is for the Perthshire friends of Sir George, and preserves the freedom of attitude, and martial manliness of look, which the painter copied so gracefully from the original. The work of Cousins is almost the only English engraving after sculpture which has satisfied us; and we reckon that by Fox one of the happiest efforts of that kind of engraving; there is a freedom of touch, and a vigour, and yet delicacy of handling, such as we too rarely see. It is a very elaborate work; it is not in the head and hands alone that the artist's skill has been taxed—the flowing masses of the military cloak, and the Murat-like splendour of the plumed hat, are executed with equal taste and success.

MUSIC

VOCAL SOCIETY.

WE are, of necessity, brief in our notice of the third and fourth Concerts of this establishment. At the first of the two, however, we must mention, among the principal novelties performed, Palestrina's full anthem, to which English words were adapted by Dean Aldrich; the beautiful quartett and chorus from Winter's 'Stabat Mater,' so full of sweet melody and rich and skilful harmony: the 'Eloia,' from Hummell's second Mass, which (like all that we have heard of this great writer's compositions for voices,) left us nothing to desire; and his MS. Rondo for the pianoforte, most excellently performed by Mrs. Anderson. The entire selection of the scheme had been made with great care and attention to variety. We are obliged, also, to dismiss the performers who appeared, with a few passing words; some of these must be devoted to the welcome and commendation of Miss Postans, whose beautiful even voice, and thorough Italian style, constrain us to admit (somewhat to our shame) the superiority of foreign over native tuition. We hope to have many opportunities of speaking more fully of this lady. We must also mention Braham's singing of Neukomm's 'Miriam,' and Miss Masson's return to this orchestra in Mayer's duet 'Che al mio ben,' in which she was ably seconded by Mr. Bennett. Mr. Phillips made his first appearance at these concerts, and was deservedly *encored* in Mozart's 'Qui sdegno'; and the two ladies above mentioned, with Miss Woodyatt, sang a very pretty trio, 'The Butterfly's Ball'; the words, which are sprightly and fanciful, are by Roscoe. There were also the usual number of madrigals and glees performed, and a fragment from the last

finale to 'Cosi fan tutte.' The **FOURTH CONCERT**, which took place on Monday, may also be praised for the variety of its programme. Miss Lacy appeared to greater advantage than on a former occasion, in Mozart's 'Dove sono'; Brahms sung Purcell's 'Mad Tom' nobly; and Madame Stockhausen lent her aid to strengthen the choir of *cantatrici*, (diminished, as we are informed, by the secession of Miss C. Novello,) though we could not but think her powers a little wasted on some of the music allotted to her; from this we must except the quartett from Haydn's 'Seven words,' in which she was assisted by Messrs. Spencer, Vaughan, and Chapman. Mrs. E. Seguin sung the solo in the delightful chorus from 'Idomeneo,' 'Placido è il mar'; and Miss Masson and Mr. Hobbs, the well-known duet from 'Jessonda.' The last-named gentleman has hardly received sufficient justice from the critics; he is a sound, unaffected singer, always agreeable to hear. The one instrumental piece of the evening, Corelli's trio for two violoncellos and double bass, was exquisitely performed by Messrs. Lindley, Bonner, and Howell, (of course) *encored*. We must end, by mentioning the manuscript song, by Jackson, sung by Madame Stockhausen, and the septetto from the 'Pirates,' 'Hear, O hear, a simple story,' as among the less allottred pieces of the evening. Mr. Barnett's manuscript ballad we hope to hear again.

THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE HAZARD OF THE DIE; MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE; and KING ARTHUR.
Monday, KENILWORTH; and TIMOUR THE TARTAR.
Tuesday, THE HAZARD OF THE DIE; THE KING'S WORD; and KING ARTHUR.
Wednesday, No performance.
Thursday, THE HAZARD OF THE DIE; BLACK-EY'D SUSAN; and other Entertainments.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, Auber's Historical Opera of LESTOCQ; or, the Fête of the Hermitage; and THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.
Monday, LESTOCQ; and LUKE THE LABOURER.
Tuesday, LESTOCQ; and THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.
Wednesday, No performance.
Thursday, LESTOCQ; and other Entertainments.

ADELPHI.

A new piece, called 'Robert Macaire,' was presented here on Monday night. The first act of it is nearly the same as the first act of 'L'Auberger des Adrets,' in which M. Lemaître has lately been delighting the visitors to the French Plays;—the second and third are, we understand, compounded of a sequel to the last-mentioned drama, written by M. Lemaître himself, and another called 'Le Brigand Napolitain.' We could not notice this piece at length without entering into a comparison between the acting of the French and English representatives of the principal character, and we shall therefore decline doing so, because, after the opinion we have formed and delivered of M. Lemaître, it would be scarcely fair to any one. Allowing for the almost unavoidable slips of a first night, the Adelphi edition went pretty well; and, with an Adelphi audience, who neither know nor care about M. Lemaître, we have no doubt that it will increase in favour. The house was, as usual, crammed.

OLYMPIC.

A burletta, in one act, called 'The River God,' is the last novelty at this house. Its author we believe to be Mr. Morton, jun. He has done his part of the work amusingly enough, but the plot, which is from a French piece, is, to us, merely absurd without being humorous, and we should therefore have preferred seeing the author's talents employed upon a better subject. Mr. Keeley, however, did his best, and succeeded not only in making his audience laugh, but in getting applause at the end of the performance.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

Mrs. Nisbett and her two sisters (an agreeable trio of youth and good looks), Mr. Wrench and his mercurial spirits, a constant succession of novelties, white silk curtains, and white satin bills, are not only attracting better audiences than this theatre has ever enjoyed before, from amongst the inhabitants of the "terra incognita" in which it is situated, but they are also drawing, or rather causing cabriolet and carriage horses to draw, a considerable share of fashion to its private boxes.

Mr. Jerrold's drama of 'The Schoolfellow,' highly as we thought of it at first, improves upon acquaintance. Upon the whole, we prefer it to any piece he has ever written. While on this subject, a stitch, which we accidentally dropped in our first notice of it, must, in justice, be picked up. A Mr. Santer enacts the old Usher in a way to make one open one's eyes. It is a little part, to be sure, but the quiet excellence of his acting makes it a great one. If his admirable representation is not the effect of some curious combination of circumstances, which, knowing nothing of his age, person, or worldly pursuits, we cannot explain, he can only want opportunity to show himself something very like a first-rate artist.

A new farce, in two acts, called 'In Statu Quo,' by Mr. George Dance, has been produced. Mr. Wrench is, as usual, capital; and Mrs. Nisbett ditto. We have but one fault to find with her, and for that, we suspect, she will readily forgive us: she is too much of a lady for a servant—*au reste*, she played with great spirit, vivacity, and effect. The farce was extremely well received.

MISCELLANEA

Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione.—On Wednesday the fifth meeting of this society was held at the Freemason's Tavern; having been strangers to the former meetings of the season, we were glad to find, that the interest and pleasure of its earlier days were still maintained—that the zeal for its prosperity was still active. We were particularly delighted with a most elaborate series of architectural drawings of the Alhambra, done in a style of beauty and fidelity surpassing everything of the kind we have seen; they are the joint productions of Mr. Owen Jones and M. Jules Goury; the latter was a most promising young artist, who died of the cholera, while pursuing his studies in Spain, at the age of 30; we hear the drawings are about to depart for France, as it is hoped the French government will undertake their publication. Here too we saw the series of drawings made by Mr. Vicars, during a recent excursion to Russia, by order of Charles Heath, who will publish next year a "Russian Annual." We cannot of course mention all the attractions of the evening, but we may say, that Mr. David Roberts's original sketches delighted us—that we were well pleased with the design for Lord Stuart de Rothesay's house at Highcliff, Hants, by Mr. Dunthorne—that Turner's view of Durham, and Derby's drawings after poor Newton's 'Captain Macheath,' were beautiful.

The true Papyrus—from which paper was formerly made, and which was thought to be lost,—has been, it is said, discovered at Syracuse growing wild, and that, after various experiments, paper has been manufactured from it similar to that used by the Egyptians.

Telegraphic Light.—We learn from Liverpool, that Mr. Coad has been exhibiting a telegraphic light on the river Mersey, and that the experiment appears to have been a successful one, as it will perfectly answer the purpose of a night telegraph. The light consisted of six jets or burners, which were exhibited from a passage boat, on board of which was a portable gasometer. This boat was moved in the centre of the

river, and the rays of light were thrown so well to either side of the river, that objects were distinctly visible. The light, when placed on an eminence, can no doubt be thrown to a greater distance, and the invention is therefore likely to afford a very useful medium of communication between ships at sea, and the shore—a very important object in case of distress.

Brickmaking.—The *Vienna Gazette* states, that an inhabitant of that city has invented a machine calculated for the manufacture of all descriptions of bricks. By means of this machine a single workman, without employing any impelling power, can manufacture 42,000 bricks in a day.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

IN THE PRESS.

Turkey.—Mr. Auldjo is about to publish a 'Journal of a Visit to Constantinople,' with illustrations by George Cruikshank.—The *Mechanics of Law-Making*, by Arthur Symonds, Esq., intended for the Use of Legislators, and all other Persons concerned in the Making and Understanding of *English Laws*.—A new work by the Author of 'The Usurer's Daughter,' called, *Provincial Sketches*.

Just published.—*Scenes and Stories*, by a Clergyman in Debt, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—The Parliamentary Pocket Companion for 1835, 32mo. 4s.—The Parent's Cabinet, Vol. V. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Bowtell's Life of Johnson, new edit. Vol. I. 8s. 5s.—Sacred Classics, Vol. XV. (Sermons for Lent), 8s. 3s. 6d.—The Rev. J. Close's Historical Discourses, 3rd edit. 12mo. 6s.—Grimstone's Arrangement of the Common Prayer and Lessons, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 18s.—Letters of a Pastor to his flock, by James Harrington Evans, 32mo. 1s.—The Cotton-Spinner's Manual, royal 18mo. 2s.—The Epistolary Guide, by J. H. Brady, 12mo. 3s.—Universal Grammar Illustrated, 12mo. 3s.—Chemical Attraction; an Essay in Five Chapters, by G. L. Hume, 8vo. 5s.—A Practical Compendium of the Diseases of the Skin, by Jonathan Green, M.D., 8vo. 12s.—The Greek Testament, with English Notes, by the Rev. E. Burton, D.D., 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Cowper's Life and Works, Revised and Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, Vol. I. 8s. 5s.—Kidd's Guide to Gravesend, 18mo. 1s.—Sea-Side Reminiscences, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Cabinet Lawyer, 9th edit. 18mo. 9s.—The Crown Glass-Cutter and Glazier's Manual, by William Cooper, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The British Wine Maker, and Domestic Brewer, by W. H. Roberts, 6s. 5s.—The Kingstonian System of Painting in Dry Colour, after the Ancient Grecian Method, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Social Tales for the Young, by Mrs. Sherwood, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Epitome of the Bible, 4th edit. 12mo. 6s.—Arnold's Thucydides, Vol. 3, 8vo. 16s.—The Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Stories from the History of Poland, by R. Carver, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Hughes, M.A., by the Rev. J. Leifchild, 8vo. 12s.—Puritan Family, Old Ways kept up in New Times, by a Puritan Family, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Fisher's Views in India, China, &c., Vol. I. 4to. 21s.—The Bride's Book, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Barnes's Practice of Courts-Martial, and other Military Courts, by Captain William Hough, 8vo. 14s.—Ran Comul Sen's English and Bengalee Dictionary, 2 vols. royal 4to. 5l. 5s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G. N.—Tyro—An Amateur—J. A. W.—received. We should be glad to oblige 'Trin,' but the subject has not sufficient general interest.

The Diffusion Society.—The confiding simplicity of these people exceeds belief. We have had occasion lately to show, that "a print book" or even a catalogue, is, with them, oracular, and now they profess to put entire faith in advertisements! Surely this dulness is affected; however, let them be so. "That very distinguished and impartial critic—*The Athenæum*—says this work [the Manuscripts of Erckly], is without a parallel in the wide range of novels and romances. As we have not read the original article, we cannot say positively that the critic's sententious dictum is not meant to be ironical; but, as it appears conspicuously appended to all advertisements of the book, we must suppose it to be intended seriously!" Observe, they do not speak positively; and, therefore, it might be presumed, that every reader of this paragraph would, out of a mere abstract love of truth and justice, hunt, without a guide, over the past numbers of this paper to ascertain the falsehood of that which "honest Iago" could have determined in two minutes. It is more than probable that our readers will recollect the general tendency of the review referred to (see No. 377), but it may be well to quote the particular passage: "The style is without a parallel in the wide range of novels and romances; it abounds in learned allusions to the Greek dramatists and philosophers, is tortuous, verbose, and stilted, and betrays marks of the pedantry which results from much reading and little observation." (*Athenæum*, p. 43).

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR FEBRUARY.

KEPT AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1835. FEB.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
○ 1	30.275	46.0	30.269	48.2	41	44.7	50.0	36.9	49.6		S var.	{ Overcast—light rain and wind.—P.M. Fine—lightly cloudy. Evening, overcast.
M 2	30.142	48.4	30.178	50.3	45	50.2	53.2	43.3	53.2		SW	A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Lightly overcast.
T 3	30.352	47.7	30.376	50.0	43	45.0	51.2	42.2	50.6		SW	Fine—light clouds and wind.
W 4	30.459	48.0	30.441	50.2	40	43.2	50.3	41.0	50.2		SW	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and fog. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds and wind.
T 5	30.200	48.0	30.033	50.3	42	45.6	50.9	40.7	50.8		SW var.	{ Fine—light clouds with light brisk wind.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine and clear—light wind.
F 6	30.172	44.6	30.259	46.2	30	38.0	43.7	35.2	45.4		S var.	A.M. Fine & clear—light haze & wind. P.M. Fine it. clds. & wind.
S 7	30.067	46.2	29.918	48.3	39	46.6	50.9	36.8	50.5		SW	Lightly overcast—light wind. Evening, cloudy.
○ 8	29.697	47.0	29.661	48.3	32	42.6	44.7	40.8	46.2		WSW	Fine and clear—light haze & wind. Evening, cloudy—light rain.
M 9	29.849	43.0	29.922	44.3	27	36.7	41.0	33.8	39.8	.061	SW	{ A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze and wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless—light brisk wind. Evening, fine and frosty.
T 10	30.091	38.6	30.255	40.6	22	32.4	39.5	29.8	38.2		NE var.	{ Fine—sharp frost—light brisk wind—snow during the night. Evening, fine and clear—sharp frost.
W 11	30.435	37.8	30.372	41.3	24	33.3	41.9	27.9	44.7		S	Cloudy—light frost and wind.
T 12	30.132	43.2	30.168	44.5	35	46.0	45.2	31.8	46.3		SW	Overcast—light rain and wind. Evening, fine and clear.
○ F 13	30.336	41.9	30.247	45.2	32	39.3	46.3	35.0	46.8	.125	SW	A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze and wind. P.M. Overcast.
S 14	30.014	44.9	29.917	46.6	40	43.4	49.4	37.5	49.8		SW	Overcast—light rain.
○ 15	29.701	48.2	29.956	50.2	42	47.6	51.0	42.3	51.4		SW	Overcast—deposition.—A.M. Fine—light clds. Even. overcast.
M 16	29.530	46.3	29.592	48.0	40	43.2	46.2	40.0	47.3		NW var.	A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Overcast—light brisk wind.
T 17	29.711	45.9	29.728	48.0	40	42.4	45.8	38.6	46.7		S var.	Overcast—drizzling rain.—A.M. Fine and clear. P.M. Cloudy.
W 18	29.469	46.3	29.461	48.4	40	44.6	49.2	38.8	49.3		S var.	Overcast—light rain—brisk wind. Evening, cloudy.
T 19	29.465	45.0	29.396	48.0	38	41.3	47.5	35.7	48.3		SW	{ Fine—nearly cloudless.—A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clds.—brisk wind. Eve. overcast—heavy rain—high wind.
F 20	29.273	45.0	29.271	47.6	34	39.9	47.6	37.0	48.2	.061	WSW	{ Fine & cloudless.—A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. Eve. overcast—light rain—high wind.
S 21	29.295	43.3	29.346	46.4	34	38.4	43.7	33.2	45.8	.133	WSW	Fine and cloudless—light wind. Evening, cloudy.
○ 22	29.758	42.7	29.614	45.9	35	38.8	43.8	34.2	49.5		WSW	{ Fine & cloudless—lt. haze & wind.—A.M. Cldy. P.M. Overcast.
M 23	29.267	45.6	29.483	48.2	39	46.3	48.6	37.0	49.6	.033	SW var.	—light rain. Eve. rain—high wind throughout the night.
T 24	29.780	43.2	29.827	45.8	32	38.4	45.4	33.9	45.3		WSW	A.M. Fine—light clouds—high wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening, cloudy—high wind.
W 25	29.604	44.8	29.412	46.9	40	46.2	49.4	36.0	49.3		SE var.	Fine—light clouds and haze. P.M. Lightly cloudy—high wind.
T 26	29.287	46.5	29.459	49.0	40	44.6	48.5	42.8	49.7		W	A.M. Cloudy—high wind. P.M. Overcast—light drizzling rain & wind.
● F 27	29.227	45.9	29.279	48.5	40	44.4	49.8	38.4	49.3		SW var.	Fine—light clouds and wind. Eve. very light rain—high wind.
S 28	29.685	44.8	29.817	46.6	31	41.2	45.2	37.2	44.7		S var.	A.M. Overcast—strong wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. { Fine and clear—light clouds and wind—Evening, cloudy, light brisk wind.
MEANS ..	29.831	45.0	29.845	47.2	36.3	42.3	47.1	37.1	47.7	Sum. .413		Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillary and reduced to 32° Fahr. { 9 A.M. 3 P.M. { 29.796 29.803

* Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—95 feet.—External Thermom. is 2 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House—79 feet.

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